

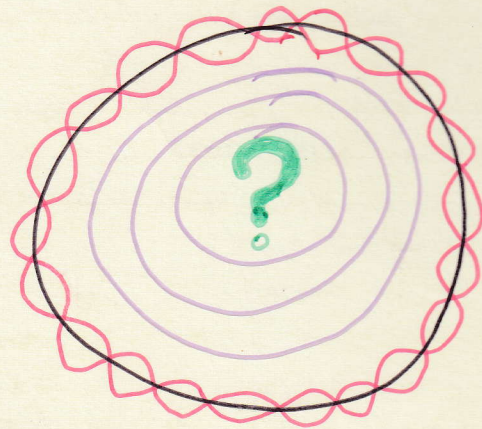
$n,$

THE
BOOK
OF
NONSENSE
~~POETIC PHILOSOPHY~~: Notebook #1

~~A Philosophical Diary~~

A Stream of Conscious Flow of Relative Nonsense

12 May to 9 June 2014



H-167 $\rightarrow$ n_1

" [...] the only thing I could read was Schopenhauer. Everything else I tried only confirmed the feeling of sickness [...] I always knew he was one of the ones that mattered most to me, and it is a pleasure more real than any pleasure for a long time to begin to understand now why it is so. And it is a pleasure also to find a philosopher that can be read like a poet."

~ Beckett

"The object now is to reap as rich and complete a harvest as possible from the days of experiment and hard experience."

~ Nietzsche

(Mon) 12 May 2014 I'm becoming discouraged about finding an apartment in Monmouth County. I may have to request an extension. Maybe I'll write something by hand when I meet with case manager on Wednesday. I'm sure this kind of stuff is spring to any reader besides myself. How is this poetic philosophy?

Well, if I had never been born, I would not exist, and I would not be such a burden to myself. What am I even alive for? Hows that? You like that, reader? You want to read despair, hopelessness, boredom, frustration?

How many places have I lived in since leaving the Tank House (State Park Service) in 1998?

- (1) Stokes St, Freehold; (2) Highland Park; (3) Stokes St, Freehold
 (4) Red Mont, Asbury Park; (5) Bording Home, Red Bank; (6) Flame Motel
 (7) Whitford, Ocean Shore; (8) Matawan; (9) Stokes, Freehold
 (10) Ocean Shore; (11) Stokes, Freehold; (12) Federal Way, Washington
 (13) Asbury Park; (14) Mary Street, Freehold; (15) Lakewood
 (16) Brick; (17) LV; (18) ???

(1) 1999	(3) 2003	(6,7)	(8)	(9,10)	(12)	(13)	(14)	(15,16)
(2) 2000-2002	(4) 2003	2004	2005-2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2013-
	(5) 2004			(11)			-2012	2014

So, over the last 16 years, I've relocated 16 times. Nomad.
Drifter. Rolling Stone. Why can't I settle anywhere?
Trouble, I trouble, and more trouble. Am I a
difficult person to live near? I've had problems with
the police in Asbury Park and Freehold (my hometown).
I don't really like the people who run Freehold.
I don't really like the people who run the Jersey shore.
I didn't really like it out West either.

I don't care for Matawan. I'm not crazy about Red Bank.

Why do I live in New Jersey? I want to live near
my mother. She's 72 and appreciates me in
her life as long as I'm not drunk on a regular basis.

Maybe I'll just settle for a place in Belmar or Bradley Beach.

So, again, I ask, how is looking for an apartment in
New Jersey, USA, with rental assistance by poetic philosophy?
It's more like cosmic horror, no?

How many like me go through the same thing but don't
bother to write about it?

Are they watching TV? playing video games?

Even if I end up in a boarding home, I can still write
about how much better off I would all be never to
have been. If I end up in a boarding home
shipped to a day program each day, I will
get a passport and try to leave the
country. I would be better off drinking
myself to death.

This is how I will write. This is what you're in for.
This isn't a stupid cop show. It's not a soap opera
about people who work at a hospital. I'm not a
hero. This is Kafka on crack. Schopenhauer on welfare.

13 May 2014

Hand me a pen. I got a cool slim notebook on sale at the bookstore. I had scanned the philosophy, the poetry, the literary theory, and even the science section where the mathematics was hidden. Bored with ~~fact~~ novels and science-fiction, and with plenty to read already, I left the store with a stack of thin notebooks with thin-ruled sheets of paper.

This notebook is supposed to be reserved for poetic prose. I have other notebooks, the Mead composition type, for notes on mathematics, dream recall, and notes about available apartments, and all that crap.

So, can I just spew out prose of a poetic quality? Or, must I read a madman like Antonin Artaud to become inspired, to set the mood?

Coffee, tobacco, nowhere to go. I'm not in the mood to read Edgar Poe, Baudelaire, de Nerval, or Van Gogh... but Van Gogh was a painter. Did he write? I don't know. Did he scribble on paper diatribes of a madman? Was he ashamed and embarrassed to have skin with no tan?

If Van Gogh were to have picked up a pen and articulated how sickened he was by everyday life - sickened by demands to pay bills, to pay rent, to pay for meals, to buy an attractive woman gifts, would the words leap out and turn reality upside down inside the brain that received them?

Is this why the middle class fucks over the genius? Do the dull-witted philistines take a morbid delight in feeling somehow superior with "positions" in the social apparatus? We are alone in our animal body. Go into a bookstore and read a poem.

Pick up a pen and scribble some nonsense. No need for a publisher or an Internet connection. What is everyone up to? Eating fried eggs. Spitting into a toilet. Wiping ~~their~~ ~~shit~~ their ass. Washing off the ~~cream~~.

What a delight to be left alone, to be off the radar, forgotten, to have nothing anyone desires, to ~~want~~ have no ~~needs~~ compulsion to beg.

Will the case of managers and social workers help me find a place to eat, sleep, and hide? Or will they watch me squirm? Will they watch me give up? One needs to be somewhat aggressive, otherwise. I.e. there will be nowhere to store all this pig shit I call poetic philosophy.

How about an apartment in a complex on 3rd Avenue in Asbury Park, New Jersey down near Grand Avenue just a couple blocks from the library, the ocean, the food pantries, the free food meals, the drags of society?

I could take a bus into Freehold frequently. I could take a train to Point Pleasant to visit Mom or even a bus to Brick. It would be closer to my mother than Red Bank. I could meet my mother at the library and we could eat at Old Man Rafferty's. I could flirt with the librarian from Columbia.

I am not afraid of Asbury Park. It's just the police I've had problems with. I wonder if I could stay sober there. There doesn't seem to be anywhere else I for me to live. When I asked social services, who I'll be meeting with tomorrow, for any leads, both were in Asbury Park, on Asbury Avenue, over a mile from Main Street, far from the ocean. Asbury Park was trouble for me.

I am going to apply for an apartment at Post & Coach in Freehold to see about living with the Mexicans... the Aztecs and Mayans. I might get denied. If I get accepted, I'll look forward to renting a van again and hauling my junk back to Freehold. I will try to behave. I'll be able to walk to the Foodtown or the SHOPRITE. I could walk to the Barnes & Noble or order books on the Internet from the library. I could even walk to Beltaire and howl at the moon.

I don't have to read Schopenhauer and Cioran and Benatar to come to drunk conclusions about the blind mechanical nature of this process I am trapped in... but it is better than getting drunk in a bar. It is better to read Schopenhauer than to get drunk.

You either get it or you don't. Maybe I could get into some death metal... without being drunk. The problem with life is that life is stupid. There is no magic.

Having reached a level of understanding where I realize that there is absolutely nothing to do with life. There is nothing to do here, not just in this society, but anywhere. This is why so many people do hard drugs including alcohol. Life has tricked us into surviving for survival's sake. Deep down, everyone knows this. Why the facade? Why the farce? Since life itself is stupid, it makes sense that it would be stupid in human form on a gargantuan scale.

I at least have the intelligence not to chase money, security, sex, fame, or even "excitement," adventure, or any of that horse shit. Nobody is fooling me. Celebrities don't fool me. People on TV and on the big screens don't fool me.

This is not a contest. Even "survival of the fittest" is total nonsense. It's survival of the stupidest and blindest and greediest genes.

Now you see why I refer to this as "poetic philosophy". Even if I were to be approved for the apartment at Post & Coach in Freehold, I would still be engaged in deep thinking. There would still be no reason to do anything. Maybe I will see this so clearly and understand that most people don't know what else to do but "work at a job"... I happen to be one who writes thoughts down on paper.

I notice so many (countless) videos on youtube.com and refrain from making judgements. It is what it is. I have considered making videos, but then I decide not to. What I am doing right now, scribbling in cursive in a personal notebook, seems to be the best way for me to focus on the problem of existence itself, to get to the core of the matter without distractions. To be on camera I would certainly influence what I would be willing to say and I perhaps limit the conclusions I would come to.

"Is this permitted?" is a thought-neutralizing fear.

15 May 2014 TH I may have experienced a nervous breakdown yesterday. First I got refused for Post & Coach apartment because it was \$1150 per month. Then Section 8 case manager suggested the place at Rich's Autobody in Ashbury Park. She said she was faking over form I to him. Mom didn't feel like I driving there, so I took a bus. First I got my head shaved in Freehold and had some shots of Fireball, ~~and~~ By the time I got to the place on Ashbury Avenue, Rich said the place was taken. I wonder if it was because I was drunk. I was fortunate to have gotten out of Ashbury Park without getting arrested for public intoxication. When I got back to Freehold, I hung with Billy but knew enough to stumble down the railroad tracks and try to rest on the ground. I sang in the fields. I spoke out loud about wanting my bones to return to the earth.

I don't think I should live in Freehold or Ashbury Park. I also wish I could refrain from drinking alcohol... It ~~is~~ really makes me deliriant. I don't have any control... It is TROUBLE.

I notice so many (countless) videos on youtube.com and refrain from making judgements. It is what it is. I have considered making videos, but then I decide not to. What I am doing right now, scribbling in cursive in a personal notebook, seems to be the best way for me to focus on the problem of existence itself, to get to the core of the matter without distractions. To be on camera I would certainly influence what I would be willing to say and I perhaps limit the conclusions I would come to.

"Is this permitted?" is a thought-neutralizing fear.

15 May 2014 TH I may have experienced a nervous breakdown yesterday. First I got refused for Post & Coach apartment because it was \$1150 per month. Then Section 8 case manager suggested the place at Rich's Autobody in Ashbury Park. She said she was faking over form I to him. Mom didn't feel like I driving there, so I took a bus. First I got my head shaved in Freehold and had some shots of Fireball, ~~and~~ By the time I got to the place on Ashbury Avenue, Rich said the place was taken. I wonder if it was because I was drunk. I was fortunate to have gotten out of Ashbury Park without getting arrested for public intoxication. When I got back to Freehold, I hung with Billy but knew enough to stumble down the railroad tracks and try to rest on the ground. I sang in the fields. I spoke out loud about wanting my bones to return to the earth.

I don't think I should live in Freehold or Ashbury Park. I also wish I could refrain from drinking alcohol... It ~~is~~ really makes me deliriant. I don't have any control... It is TROUBLE.

How to describe the nightmarish sensation? Is it possible to be too sensitive for most environments? What is one to do who may be too delicate to endure the epidemics of madness? Where is one to hide?

The rains pour down. I am in my 72 year old mother's humble abode, in a retirement community. I am 47 and have no home of my own. In this mass-industrial society, this is called HOMELESS. Without my mother, where would I be? Drunk and dying of hypothermia.

Shall I read or drop a Trazadone and sleep?

What could be more valuable than the truth?

I want to keep off the Internet tonight. All I do is search for apartments, search for what others have to say about this life. Mostly I search for those who want to give up, who are fed up... Myself, I scorn this world, I have nothing but disdain for the weak-minded gorts who cling to their material possessions, their "accomplishments", their "property", their children! Dust in the wind! Bones & guts.

17 May 2014 sat Very vivid dreams. I can visualize a memory of the experience, but I must be too lazy to articulate into alphabetic symbols. Why bother?

It was like a futuristic steppengolf... fences higher than the large trees, some kind of bizarre flute and an infant. A prison-like atmosphere outdoors. I awaken wanting to delete my Linked In account, but choose to fill in some of the corporate-minded fields with comic philosophy. I feel dizzy and want eggs.

company: Not Everyone Works For A Company Gortards
 title: Radicalized Gorticide

I inserted a photo of me scowling. I was very sargastic. I felt it was more mature and sophisticated to mock and scorn the corporate-inclined layout than to just disappear altogether - a small reaching out effort to lure a few people to my blog & to ~~acknowledge~~ acknowledge my mere existence.

Sometimes I am tempted to upload a short video to youtube.

I have to admit I feel so much better, not inebriated, and I do not lie. Just to be able to read literature is so much more worthwhile an endeavor than getting drunk and wandering around disoriented and bitter. I just wish I could remember this when I am overwhelmed with the compulsion to sham down whiskey! Point blank: I don't like Freehold... I only like the woods... and yet I get so thirsty I have to return to town just to rehydrate! I don't like Asbury Park. I don't like Matawan. I don't like Brick. I doubt there is anywhere I would be content, so I have no choice but to embrace my dissatisfaction as the ultimate truth of my existence-experience.

"The view that coming into existence is always a harm runs counter to most people's intuitions. They think that this view simply can't be right." ~ David Benatar

This is why I find private meditations written in a personal notebook more valuable than debates or arguments. Why debate such intimate philosophical views? An adversary might suggest, "If that's what you believe, then just suggest, 'kill yourself' and be done with it. Problem solved." But we all will die eventually. Our species will go extinct, so I choose to survive for the sake of surviving.

It's a good quality to be able to endure boredom, to be able to laugh at the abyss. Face it - all the industries, from the entertainment industry to professional spectator sports to sitting in a bar or dancing at a club, what is it all about if not to distract people from the fact that there is no purpose for being alive.

There is nothing to do. If you are one of the people who have figured this out, you might actually be better able to face the abyss.

My nephew is in Ecuador farming some land with his wife. My mother and I just spoke with him using Skype. I wonder how he feels living so far away. He sounds well... much more peaceful than I was in the USA. He's living a novelistic life. He's escaped from the Culture of Make-Believe.

Here I am in the Culture of Make-Believe, and yet, I really am not of it. I'm drinking a cup of strong instant coffee scribbling in a notebook. I don't feel like searching for an apartment. I think my mother and I will actually miss each other's presence when I relocate; I and yet, I am almost 50 years old... I want to be able to care for myself and get around without a car, without depending on my mother for a ride.

I prefer woods over beaches, but there are very few apartments available around woods.

There are some of the things Louis-Ferdinand Celine wrote about... the difficulty of finding a place in this world. It's not just the United States. It's not just our consumerist culture. It is life itself. I will write the things people don't want to hear.

11

I enjoy writing when I'm mildly depressed. Seeing my nephew through Skype may have triggered some kind of internal reaction. I notice that I joke around, play the buffoon, the clown, the comedian ... and there is a deeper, more poetic part of me that only expresses itself in writing. How about that?

I finished reading Benatar's Better Never To Have Been, and it gives me a sense of being on the right path. It validates regretting ever having been born. It also explains why I would choose not to end my own life out of concern that this would cause my mother tremendous grief.

And so I stick around. I try not to worry too far into the future. I no longer feel compelled to defend my position on anything since I realize each creature has its own journey. It is a fascinating insight to understand that there is no need to be understood by anyone.

If I have come to certain conclusions, such as the undesirability of bringing life into existence, I don't need to convince others that it is unwise to reproduce. What good would it do to convince someone of this after the fact?

On the other hand, I refuse to be made to feel somehow "inferior" or "inadequate" for not reproducing, for not even attempting to lay with a woman, for not trying to get a job, for not looking to own a motor vehicle ... I'm not going to be made to feel ashamed just for not following idiotic gortards' norms and ethics ... herd morality ... group mentality ... mass gort hypnosis. It is better to write in a diary than to go to a Hollywood blockbuster for gortards.

18 May 2014 Sunday Rest and solitude. Why don't I just stay with my mother and pay to keep things in storage? Why - because rental assistance is valuable. I can still have rest and solitude in my own apartment. In fact, I can do as I please. My rest will be greater if I resist the urge to get drunk.

What is this blissful sensation in rest and solitude? Hiddenness... hiddenness... in hiding... bliss. Maybe there will be a little town with a used bookstore. That would be a cheap thrill for any antiquarian. I have to look at this as another adventure out into the epidemics of madness.

I, myself, am also mad, but in a more literary, more philosophical manner. Keyport is very far from my mother, but it does have a small town. It's not like I have a choice. Asbury Park has a half-way decent library... I could blend in there.

It is possible to stay in the moment. In fact, we are always in the moment. Right now I am at my mother's and my stuff is in a storage place. Rather than spending all my time looking over and over through Craigslist at apartments I can't afford, I may just figure on checking out Long Branch next, and spend more time exploring odd documents on the Internet while I have access.

Money, fame, social status... none of these... well... money seems to matter an awfully lot... I imagine those who have a lot of it are able to live in wooded, secluded areas, amass many books in private libraries, have underground Batman style parking garages, and stock up on food supplies. So, let us entertain ourselves with thought experiments. Suppose I had never read HP Lovecraft until after I read Lovecraft, and when I did read Lovecraft, I only read him sporadically amidst many other simultaneous

readings. I put forth the proposition that were I to have access to great sums of money, I would be one who would reside in an eccentric old castle in the forest. I would have several Volkswagen vanagons, each for specific uses. I would have a grand library and a grand piano, a drum kit, a studio, an underground tunnel - a BUNKER, several mistresses ... Would I be a mad scientist? Doubtful.

The point I was attempting to make is that I doubt I would have the opportunity, let alone the compulsion to read the TALES OF HORROR of HP LOVECRAFT.

I most certainly still would have been a scholar. I most certainly still would have read and adored Arthur Schopenhauer and even Emile Cioran. Would I have endured the ramblings of Louis-Ferdinand Céline?

What am I theorizing, that a life of poverty, destitute, deprivation, lack of ambition, and sloth leads to a more genuine appreciation of literature?

Intellectuals are rarely industrialists or businessmen.

One may imagine quite easily that the mood of ambitionless peace that comes from an aversion to collecting possessions could lead to the relaxed state of mind necessary for a contemplative life.

In my personal "University of One", I am currently determined to explore and reflect upon the literary works of Louis-Ferdinand Céline, HP Lovecraft, and Edgar Allan Poe. I do not need to or want to know what is next. My objective is to spark my own imagination and thereby have a more powerful and rich inner life that is ~~not~~ ~~not~~ independent and beyond public opinion or social status.

I can be an intellectually wealthy man with no capital.
What does Cthulhu represent? They exist "daown thar"...

Diving deeper into dark literature may assist me in my goal
to become MORE SCHIZOID.

It was suggested to me by a loyal fan of my writing
that I give full rein to my ~~desire~~ ^{preoccupation} for I
with fantasy and introspection; to express
less emotions to people; to nurture a consistent preference
for solitary activities; to have no desire to "make
friends" or form "close relationships"; to develop
INDIFFERENCE to praise or criticism; to take
little interest in having sexual ~~relationship~~ experiences
with another person (taking I into account age); to take
pleasure in few, if any, activities - to be
INDIFFERENT to social norms and conventions.

Now, I think I will delete my LinkedIn account.
Fuck UNI! Fight I UNI!

Why would I like to close my LinkedIn account?
I don't feel comfortable with the corporate mind set -
~~the idea~~ and I actually prefer to detach at this time.

It was easy enough to quit LinkedIn. Rich Bore had
endorsed "Microsoft Office" as one of my skills, and I
nightly took this as one of his sadistic jabs at
me - poking me with a stick. That's all it
took. Like I Austin Train from John Brunner's The Sheep
Look Up, I'll soon be hiding out amongst the downtrodden,
the Lumpen. I am indifferent, true; but,
just the same, I want to ignore the corporate govtards
and their "endorsements".

While I do plan on taking any apartment I can get,
wherever I go, I will try to become more and
more schizoid and indifferent.

Why even bother entertaining any ideas about writing for an audience? Why bother with myths, fiction, the novel, when I just want to keep track of my thought-processes without any concern for what anyone else might understand?

I have seen some of the trash that gets published... Like I said, all novels about running drugs and... I want to do I keep a record of my inner transformations. I have reached a point in my life where I just get by, and yet I am certain that my inner life is rich in comparison to those who may think they are "successful" or "responsible citizens." My life is a living protest. Even as far as controversial sentiments go, I do not have to ask permission to feel or think what I think and feel.

Toward the end of HP Lovecraft's life, he lived with his aunt. He died in poverty at age 47 (my present age) in 1937, eighty years ago. He wrote horror stories, it doesn't matter that I would rather he wrote about what he was actually thinking, how he felt about New York City, etc. That is how I write, not the way Lovecraft wrote. Toward the end of his life (MY AGE), he lived on mostly BREAD, CANDIES, and COFFEE.

On that note, I will drink more coffee after a good healthy bowel movement. It is quite possible that as a direct result of my being so intellectually honest with myself, I am able to write fearlessly about the human condition, without having to conjure up demons, monsters, aliens, disingenuous personalities, etc. I think I am reading HP Lovecraft out of curiosity. Do I prefer Céline? Eventually I return to Schopenhauer.

I am in the process of storing what I have posted at blog - xhetric.wordpress.com - into word processor documents beginning with the MANIFESTO.

This is just my writing style. It is what it is.

I do not begrudge those who are working to save the species and the earth, but I also ~~do~~ feel compelled to be as honest as possible.

Nonexistence may be preferable... and so, I am with Schopenhauer, J. and Cioran.

I am reading Céline but prefer my own writing.

I am reading Lovecraft... but I do not feel any inclination to write COSMIC HORROR.

I really despise the celebrities and stars.

To have so much disdain and contempt that I look forward to death, I am sure there are far more CREATURES that feel like me than I realize.

19 May 2014 After storing the raw "mad manifestos" into The Manifesto of a Mad Animal file, I will be able to pick from it OFF-LINE, placing parts in a new file, and then expanding upon it from current perspective, editing it.

I may or may not include dates/yrs.

~~It may~~ Maybe since writing those ~~entree~~ entries, I have developed a darker voice... and have been influenced by more writers.

Whatever this becomes, it seems to be writing itself.
THE BOOK THAT WROTE ITSELF.

How to start the book? (DEAD END)

- I didn't understand back then. Maybe I still don't understand. Maybe "I" don't even exist. Shall I address you as if I ~~exist~~ actually exist in your world?
- In the world I think I exist in, there is nothing for me to do but write a book ... just one book. I have to remove all that is unnecessary, and then add what has to be said.

So far, the raw "manifesto" document is about 450 pages. I could easily cut this down to half its size and then count on another fifty pages of additional text. I guess my opus is like a Ben and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance - a philosophical diary.

Now I think I can leave the blog alone for awhile and focus on "The Book That Wrote Itself". I am editing out a great deal of pigshit from the original "diary excerpts" from 1987. Just as I predicted, I am halving the content: so far, 16 pages transformed into 8.

This project will allow me to forget about the blogosphere and focus on what I will leave behind me as a finished opus. On the blog site, I may eventually post it as THE BOOK. One thing I'm for sure: I will not pace through this. This is my project. It's something I can work on with just any old computer without any need for an Internet connection. No matter what kind of apartment I end up in, I will have a solitary activity to keep me occupied, and this may motivate me to restrain my compulsions for alcoholic oblivion. Who knows? In the process I may do some research at a library.

Transformed 42 pages to 27 pages ... 1987 to 1995 in just 27 pages! I have been working on this since 9AM this morning. Now it's after 10PM. Time to wind down.

20 May 2014 Tues Wake up and let the hate out. I allow myself to generalize... I allow myself to hate ~~soon~~ see phony people for what they are when on TV. I don't watch TV, but when I'm staying at my mother's, I can't avoid seeing it. The newscasters &... the TV personalities... like FO451.

What to focus on this morning? Strange dreams... Roger Taylor behind drums, ready to sing, hiding behind sunglasses... then I was wandering around... I saw into the very nature of the phony society I have hated ever since I was a teenager. People waiting in line to get into a "club" reserved for those on a list... of those in "high society"... "celebrities" - These are the PHONIES. J.D. Salinger was writing about Holden Caulfield! His girlfriend married Charlie Chaplin when she was 18 - as soon as she was old enough. While Salinger was writing *Catcher in the Rye* from a fox hole, she was hanging out in a club in New York City. She was a phony gold-digger who wanted to be an INSIDER in the PHONY HIGH SOCIETY Hollywood class... the sell outs who do TV commercials.

I really hate them, and this is not sour grapes. Now, I'm not endorsing poor dental hygiene, but the Culture-of-Make-Believe almost makes having rotten teeth a blessing, having a bit of a "criminal" record a blessing, anything to assure one will NEVER become a sellout & phony & - tools for the so-called Illuminati.

How was J.D. Salinger able to resist a 10 million dollar offer for rights to make a film out of his book? Didn't Anderson produce have many theories about this culture, where personality consisted of shiny teeth and freedom from body odor?

So, today my mother wants her flowers planted. The first attempt seems I to have failed as the flowers had a fungi. Maybe if I plant the new batch, she will give me a ride to apply for an apartment. I have to do this soon. I can get back to working on The Book once I get settled.

Of course, the problem with rental assistance is that I have to choose an apartment complex ... It's either that or I am homeless. I could end up on the floor of my mother's or worse. Even the places I don't really want to live in have no openings until July, August, or September. I may be forced to ask for an extension again.

What's the point of all this? Survival for survival's sake? I stick around for my mother's sake! I may end up somewhere in the Astor Park area ... I would have to be more careful to avoid trouble this time. All I'm going to do is stay alive and work on *The Book That Wrote Itself*. I could also go through my journals and pick some worth saving ... and destroy several at a time ... Who knows?

At least I have my mental health, but it is a delicate thread. No more "crushes" or "infatuations"! I can still appreciate a woman's beauty, but ... where does anything lead?

Now one of my aunts has a rare bone & disease ... Aunt Susan - who worked for a judge as a clerk ... she is all alone. Her son, my cousin Christopher, married a couple years ago and is raising an infant with his wife. There is no escaping tragedy. So much of what people worry about is caused by vanity. We can't save anyone and no one can save us.

Maybe those such as myself who loaf around reading and contemplating are those who are most fully alive.

Real living is not a cruise or a vacation to Disney World. Real Living is DOING NOTHING.

People think a full life requires marriage, a career, raising a family ... Raising a family?

For what? Each individual that comes into existence faces the same situation. Is it all merely perpetuation of DNA?

Could it be that I simply won't be able to find a place ~~until~~ in time and I lose Section 8?

Then what? Easter Seals? Boarding house? No kitchen? Day programs! HOLY FUCK, I would be better off DEAD.

For whatever reason, I am feeling incredibly irritable... could it be witnessing the kinds of things my mother cares about? Dancing with the Stars? She really goes for all this bullshit - like Barbara Walters and the newscasters... And yet THIS can't be the source of my irritability. It may very well indeed IRRITATE me, but it is not the source.

Movies irritate me. Commercials irritate me. All these sellouts who do TV commercials irritate me. This is why I desire to live alone and do not mind NOT being married to a woman who would expect me just to conform to IDIOTIC NORMS.

How many people get their personalities directly from these stupid films and TV shows?

Could the source of my irritability be that I feel I am at the mercy of fate?

I am totally frustrated. Shall I let it out in my writing? This feeling is like HATRED. Maybe I should just express these ugly emotions & let it rip. When I am in public, I behave like a buffoon because I mock everything.

And suppose I really am extremely agitated by the circumstances I am in... where I go on youtube make videos calling people on welfare "lazy"... Is it some kind of massive conspiracy? Do they get paid to spew this propaganda?

I really hate these phony TV personalities and the gorts in the audience who clap like seals.

To witness my mother so sucked into Dances With The Stars that she would totally freak out here I to even talk makes me angry. I wonder if the entertainment industry is purposely out to make a total mockery of philosophers and thinkers.

I recall the film, Network... I really am frustrated as hell and I don't want to take it any more.

How could I free myself from this dependency on Section 8? Wouldn't I have to find a job that would pay much more than I receive on SSD? Wouldn't that require a car?

The thing that frustrates me most is that it is the entire culture of automobiles and our dependency on grocery stores. I also realize that it very well could be LIFE ITSELF that frustrates me.

There is a very good possibility that I am one of the deeper thinkers of this generation. Maybe as I EDIT my diary excerpts I will be able to add some of my darkest insights.

This is my right to express my frustrations with the sinister powers behind the scenes who control media and entertainment and even things like rent...

It is maddening! Rather than poisoning myself with alcohol, I can just calmly articulate the truth... that our lives are mindless mechanisms.

How patient we must be! If I were alone in an apartment, say somewhere like the Highlands, so many miles from my mother, would I be able to just sit with myself, with pen and paper, or with a book... just enduring existence?

Schopenhauer tells us we can only be ourselves when we are alone. I have come to some dark conclusions. I can expect to be alone.

My solitude is not a punishment. Even were I among others, I retain my SOLITUDE in my mental independence. Maybe I will give my writing a break and watch some ANTINATALISTS on youtube... Light another cigarette and scorn the universe!

No matter where I am, all I have is what I feel.

Life really does suck because we are not wired to be happy.

I can handle unhappiness. I can handle that there is no purpose to life. We are miserable because we think we have to have a purpose.

Approval seeking...? What if I just don't care to please?

Nature has no purpose. My heart is becoming harder at last.
I could mock the culture of idiocy.

The tenet of transcendentalism is nonconformity.

Even most of what I see on Youtube leads me to the conclusion that I am one of the more coherent individuals in our time era.

It was true, for Schopenhauer, and it is true for me as well. Look at who the masses idolize and emulate! I reflect upon how I am "mocked" by some of the most retarded! Does this infuriate me? I don't think it does anymore. It used to before my heart turned harder.

Should I even share my thoughts and feelings on a blog when it is clear that I will surely be ignored? This is how the culture of idiocy deals with a true genius — it ignores us!

No wonder that, when I get drunk, I go off into rages. There are some things that this society of consumer zombies will never be able to take from me: I am prepared for death. The thought of the inevitability of death puts everything into perspective for me. On a subjective level, we are alone. I am a thinker. We

each face existence as lone BEINGS. Since I have done very deep thinking, I am somewhat farther along on my intellectual development.

My desire to live without car, job, or "relationships"

is ~~ever~~ proof of my deviance, nonconformity, and transcendence.
Am I ^{HIKIKOMORI} some kind of freak of nature?

I think that my diaries/notebooks could be a radical defiance and ^{secret} rebellion against modern media. I have no interest in making Youtube videos. Does everyone want to be famous? Would I be surprised to discover how few people could read cursive or even be interested in my truth?

21 May 2014 w (J) $\Rightarrow$? I am a question. Whatever it is that is writing this is a species of consciousness; no sentence is forming. It feels the skeleton. Nothing is what it seems. I am fortunate to identify with the depressed. I to be among the few who are mentally acute enough to perceive "the ugly" within. Strange dreams? What dreams are not strange? I get up off the floor and smoke a couple cigarettes while drinking instant coffee. I am, in the moment, feeling as though I have made a major breakthrough. All I need is a studio apartment. It is just as well I can't afford to live in a garden apartment complex. I want to read Ligotti's *Death Poems*. I reflect upon those trapped in the Del Monte in Ashbury Park, those stuck in boarding homes, jails, and institutions. These are my brothers and sisters. I am proud to be real - not a phony.

Death waits for us all... to reveal the vanity of existence. While still alive, isn't it best to be ever mindful of death so that we don't get caught up in the grand illusions of the culture of idiocy? And to attain a deeper level of awareness... to exchange glances... to be in the know.

Would Solzhenitsyn have attained such an appreciation for meals had he not suffered the Gulags? Today I will be with my mother on a grocery shopping expedition. I will bring Ligotti's *Death Poems* and this notebook... although I won't have an opportunity to read or write.

What am I up to? Besides breathing, eating, defecating?
I'm writing a book. It's a long process.
Will you try to publish it? Why bother?

That which can't be taken from you: your outlook on life,
your personality, your life experience... hard won insights...
what folks call soul. The hours spent in reverie
and contemplation, all the thinking you've done. Can anyone
deprive you of this? You may feel you are at
the mercy of those who have not thought as deeply
as you have... you just have to exert a great deal of
patience!

More motivation to continue The Book That Wrote Itself:
Researching Emile Cioran (looking for a good biography), I learn
that his first studies revolved around Immanuel Kant, Arthur
Schopenhauer, and especially Friedrich Nietzsche. He became an
agnostic. He once described himself as a Hitlerist.
What is it with my literary heroes? Cioran, Céline, Carter...

Anyway, the nature of life is revolting and repugnant. While there are
issues I could be overwhelmingly depressed about, instead I
am content to have two new pairs of shorts (\$45), three high
quality white V-neck T-shirts (\$25), and a new pair of shades (\$20).
I not to mention sneakers (\$50) and used high quality blue jeans
that I got for \$7⁰⁰ at a Thrift Store.

Still no luck finding an apartment. Maybe I'll be forced
to rent the storage unit for another month (\$110).

Meanwhile my aunt Susan (my mother's sister... my father also
has a sister named Sue) is suffering from a rare
bone disease: amyloidosis, Kappa light chain.

light chain deposition disease
She is in much physical pain. We are not "close", but this
doesn't matter. I may not have even liked her very much.
She worked for a judge. Still, I am not one to hold
grudges. Like Dostoevsky's "Idiot", I forgive.
Shall I see about renting the shack in the Highlands?

So I guess you stay alive until it drives you insane... I've gone around and around not just with craigslist.com but also with all the garden apartment complexes in Monmouth County. What do I do now? All I can do is wait and see.

23 May 2014 F I saw her face in a dream... Black skin, brown eyes... Walking through a development... wandering aimlessly... then I awaken... I want to just remain asleep. I rise up off the floor and think of Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces. I am my mother's side kick.

I could spend the day writing or editing but my mom wants me to go out with her... She'll be looking for shorts... What do I need? I just purchased shorts and white T-shirts and a pair of shades. She said she would "dump me off" at the bookstore. I've been through there several times and I can't seem to find anything that grabs me. I just ordered A. Alvarez's The Writing Voice. It's three essays. I'm reading the books I ordered from the Internet: Céline, Lovecraft, Poe... I have Schopenhauer, Gysin, Ligotti...

What could I possibly need?

I need to find an apartment. Then I'll need food.

I can't find an apartment. I'm with my mother. She wants to pray for my aunt who has a rare bone disease. She wants me to make us sandwiches. I haven't eaten breakfast yet. I want to bring my notebook, but then I'll be writing instead of looking for a book. This could be a good day. I've given up on finding an apartment by June. I can afford to buy a hefty book. I have a coupon.

after scanning through the entire bookstore, I settled on The Complete Stories of Franz Kafka. We're all insects now. It's nearly 500 pages. With the exception of his three novels, the whole of his work - including fragments that Max Brod, Kafka's literary executor, released after Kafka's death. It does not include The Castle, The Trial, or Amerika.

So I guess you stay alive until it drives you insane... I've gone around and around not just with craigslist.com but also with all the garden apartment complexes in Monmouth County. What do I do now? All I can do is wait and see.

23 May 2014 F I saw her face in a dream... Black skin, brown eyes... Walking through a development... wandering aimlessly... then I awaken... I want to just remain asleep. I rise up off the floor and think of Toole's A Confederacy of Dunces. I am my mother's side kick.

I could spend the day writing or editing but my mom wants me to go out with her... She'll be looking for shorts... What do I need? I just purchased shorts and white T-shirts and a pair of shades. She said she would "dump me off" at the bookstore. I've been through there several times and I can't seem to find anything that grabs me. I just ordered A. Alvarez's The Writing Voice. It's three essays. I'm reading the books I ordered from the Internet: Céline, Lovecraft, Poe... I have Schopenhauer, Gysin, Ligotti...

What could I possibly need?

I need to find an apartment. Then I'll need food.

I can't find an apartment. I'm with my mother. She wants to pray for my aunt who has a rare bone disease. She wants me to make us sandwiches. I haven't eaten breakfast yet. I want to bring my notebook, but then I'll be writing instead of looking for a book. This could be a good day. I've given up on finding an apartment by June. I can afford to buy a hefty book. I have a coupon.

after scanning through the entire bookstore, I settled on The Complete Stories of Franz Kafka. We're all insects now. It's nearly 500 pages. With the exception of his three novels, the whole of his work - including fragments that Max Brod, Kafka's literary executor, released after Kafka's death. It does not include The Castle, The Trial, or Amerika.

One day I would like to get a copy of Kafka's Diaries 1910-1923. I'm sure there are plenty of obscure texts out there that I would enjoy reading SLOWLY... again and again. These are the kind of texts I want to have in my latest collection, now that I have started acquiring books again. I will start keeping track of books I am keeping an eye out for.

"The whole of Kafka's art consists in compelling the reader to re-read him." ~ Camus

I have really shifted in interests over the past decade, from Computer Science to Literary Theory.

I have to shut off the computer or else I end up pecking away on *The Book of That Writer, Itself*. There is no reason for me to rush to finish anything, whether it involves writing or reading.

There is a reason I am drawn to reading and writing, contemplation and reflection... It is a solitary activity. Where will I store my books and notebooks if I can't find an apartment? In storage...

I have figured out that there is nothing to do, that living has no purpose; and so what if I sit around and daydream all day, every day? Let the obedient workers continue to hold down jobs... let them hate those like me who have stopped competing.

As a "writer" - a scribbler - I will just keep scribbling about my existence. Dear Diary, I picked up *The Complete Stories of Kafka* today. I can't find an apartment. I'm actually quite comfortable sleeping on the floor at my mother's. I have no image to protect. It should be quite clear by now that I don't care about public opinion.

23.

I want to continue to read slowly... I don't think I read for pleasure, but because there is a glimpse into the interior life, something one doesn't get from film. I don't read one book at a time. Currently I am reading Kafka, Louis-Ferdinand Céline, Legott, Lovecraft, Poe, Cioran, Schopenhauer... and dabbling with some mathematics and programming.

der

Why this obsession with literature? For me, the most real aspects of existence are the interior aspects, and this is the domain that literature thrives in.

~~For~~ I would probably be more fascinated with reading writer's diaries than with their stories. I

king

"Incompletion is the quality of his work..." (about Kafka)

Approval-seeking tendencies must dictate when one depends upon approval, but why should a writer or scribbler concern himself with whether people like him or not. Supposedly there are some writers who make a living writing stories for film. Myself, I am a scribbler. Actually, I am of what I scribble is intended especially for diarologists who read through other peoples' diaries.

that

Some people live to eat, others eat to live.

Some people live to read, others may read to write.

4 them

While looking through all the books in the bookstore, I realized how few I would like to read. I wish more books were like

keep

Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*. I wonder if I can write like Salinger. Others don't have to pad me. At this point,

day-

I may enjoy reading my own notebooks more than reading the classics. If I am unique, this makes sense. This is my literary adventure. I found my voice

+ that

long ago. Who is to say someone is not a writer just because he or she does not create stories? Just because one can't be mass-marketed. I am the main character of this story... I have my notebooks in storage. At 47, there is a fresh page!

For those who would rather fly an airplane or go scuba diving, let them do it! This is not my concern. For those who want inspiration with "Amen" and "Praise the Lord!" - let them! I want to reach what is most authentic.

Whether I am living on a floor in the corner of my mother's or in a jail cell or in my own government I paid apartment, I can scribble about whatever is on my mind. No matter what town I live in, my life most likely revolves around literature.

During a nap I had a dream... my maternal grandfather was talking to me on a bus.

It's a little creepy that I can't make a secure connection to any site I have to login to {yahoo, bankofamerica, and even xhentric.wordpress.com}. What can I do about it?

After what happened to isis.phpbb3now.com, I am justifiably paranoid. Is someone trying to intercept my email? Gain access to my bank account? and worse, hack into my blog? What do I even have worth hacking into? It wouldn't surprise me if there were "forces" out there out to "fuck with me".

So, my "style" is to just write about whatever it is I am going through. So now some entity is definitely "fucking around", trying to intercept my communications on the internet. I retrieved my "diary excerpts" just in time.

Even if I just scribble the contents of the stream of consciousness in my head, this is better than sitting in front of a TV or reading trash. I don't need to create a fictional character if I am the living protagonist of my own weird tale. Even if I don't purchase another book, I have already read some of the most obscure texts.

Reading literature for no reason whatsoever... with no motivation except I maybe to be influenced in my own writing - or to spark my imagination. In Kafka's parable, "Before the Law", the gate was made only for "you". If I have been black listed, it has only given me more

liberty to live in my own little world. In my own little world, I am one of the coherent thinkers of my generation. Like Cioran, I am not interested in writing novels. Could it be I am frantically studying the works of Cioran, Forecraft, Poe, and Kafka so as to somehow learn from these weird scribbles?

I can't help but wonder if someone is preventing me from logging in to my blog. What makes me suspicious is that I deleted "mad manifesto 1" yesterday. It is easy enough for anyone to just download my writings onto their own devices... I guess all I can do is wait and see... just like looking for an apartment. I don't think I really even need a blog anymore. These notebooks suffice. I have my own literary phenomenon taking place right here! It doesn't matter how "weird" it appears to others - all this scribbling I do. What would they have me do, drink myself into oblivion? And so, I left alone by a distracted and amused society, I exist in an orbit all alone... reading Kafka. I face the abyss.

What is it I am looking for or trying to achieve in reading the literature I read? I realize that we are sitting ducks to advertisers. First it was television. Now it is the Internet. How do I feel in a bookstore when I am tempted to purchase yet another copy of Catcher in the Rye or A Confederacy of Dunces? Why is Ira Levin's This Perfect Day mysteriously unavailable? How did Kafka turn his neurosis into literature? Why do I write?

Well, whatever the problem is with "secure Connection Failed," it only serves to remind me how little I depend on the Internet. What do I use? yahoo, wordpress, and banking. I'm not going to risk MiTM attack. I'll wait. I logged off and switched users, and I was able to log in to yahoo and bank account - no problem. So, what gives? I'm glad I checked email. I have been communicating with a Harsh Tripathi... who appreciates my PRESENCE OF MIND.

What is happening as I age? I no longer feel any shame about not being a sex machine. I don't have a very powerful sex drive. What a blessing! I don't chase women. I'm a BOOK WORM. Yes, that's right. I've been into reading books since I was like 13 years old. It was encouraged at Christian Brother's Academy. I went there because I liked mathematics and literature... I had begun to feel persecuted even by grade 8 - as though people were against me... yes, I could feel the hatred. How jealous the fuckers were of my speed for all those years! How they wanted to see me dragged through the mud!

I can still sense that most of society is against me. I am at odds with small town, USA. I don't play their games. I don't defer to "athletes". I'm not a breeder or a work horse.

Do I get any revenge writing these words?

Could there possibly be a dimension of being that transcends usefulness? usefulness as a sex toy for a horny woman? usefulness as a strong back to a pack of workers?

Ah, to be a useless thinker!

Victory is mine! I can write in my notebook that I feel superior to the masses.

I have figured something out... I am a freak of nature... THAT WHICH SHOULD NOT BE.

When I finish editing The Book That Wrote Itself, I will rename it Hentrich & Diaries 1987 to 2014... and then what? Well, I may be working on that right now. I'll see the effect Céline, Kafka, Lovecraft, and Poe have on me... maybe I'll become Charles Dexter Ward.

Besides literature and my own inner dialog, there are dreams while sleeping. Is there continuity? The young woman whose eyes I stared into - I will I see her again when I sleep? And the aged woman whose past I saw into - will that dream continue? Will there be new landscapes?

What is the nature of dreams and sleep?

Am I at last satisfied with my literary collection?

Do I not have enough to read for the entire year?

Summer reading you say? Perhaps into the Autumn.

Forbidden Thought → I'm glad I don't have a job. I don't have to ~~report~~ report to a boss in the morning. I am free to drink coffee, smoke tobacco, read { KAFKA, CELINE, LOVECRAFT, POE, CIORAN, SCHOPENHAUER, ARTAUD, SARTRE, HESSE, LIGOTTI, MARLOWE, 'PKD' }, scribble thoughts, eat eggs, and then return to sleep.

Is this madness? How have I escaped the traps? How am I free to lead such a scholarly life? Will the BRAIN have a story to tell me while sleeping or are these dreams real experiences and REAL EVENTS?

When I choose to close my eyes and lay down rather than to stay awake reading, is it because I want to make contact with the INTERIOR REALM?

24 May 2014 sat Heart rate calm. Anxiety level low. I dreamt I was working at Henderson's. I was in my old VW Jetta worried that my inspection sticker was not up to date. There were police there. Then I was on a beer run. Dad had a job in a dangerous part of a city.

I was in no rush to get up off the floor. Other people may have children to tend to, jobs to report to. Rather than fret about being a deviant freak, I allow myself to enjoy the benefits of not being sought after, not being needed ... the joy of being useless!

I wonder how Céline kept his manuscripts together. He had to have had an apartment. How did Salinger write Catcher in the Rye in a foxhole? We know Toole stored his "copy notebooks" at his parents' house.

I am not like Toole or Céline or Kafka or Lovecraft in that I am not even trying to compile a novel. I am certainly not some kind of Dostoevsky. Writing is madness!

In a society obsessed with status, material possessions, professional sports! It is enough to drive a thinking man insane. How does one maintain sanity in an insane society? Create? I happen to write about it!

Today might be a good day to work on the Book That Wrote Itself which will be ~~the~~ Excerpts From the Hestrich Diaries. In between I will pick away reading Céline's Castle to Castle. As for The Complete Stories of (KAFKA) I may skip around, starting with In the Penal Colony.

To be a suicide who decides to remain alive is a powerful thing. Could this have been the source of the intellectual honesty of Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Cioran? When one has come to the conclusion that life is not worth living, there is a feeling of liberation in the absurdity of remaining alive.

One is not as disturbed by mild depression.

Knowing that our days are numbered, it is best to work on the "manifesto" we will leave behind when we are in that mood. There will be time enough for reading. Anxiety caused by life problems such as finding a place to live ... can be temporarily overcome.

A little after 2 PM. I've been editing all day. I think that one chapter is enough for one day. I wonder if I could read while I am walking outdoors... stretch the legs.

So far I've condensed about twelve chapters into six!



One way to really enjoy literature is to take a good look at what the current Hollywood blockbusters are. When you witness the absolute trash that these blockheads spend millions of dollars on to produce, sitting back reading a used copy of Louis-Ferdinand Céline's Castle to Castle is genius. That's why I like to have several obscure texts available at all times. I have to be in the mood for particular literature.

DARK SATIRE. Today I am in the mood for black humor - I purchased the Complete Stories of Kafka because I had a coupon I had to use, and that was the text I chose out of all the books available at that bookstore. If I had chosen from on-line, I would have went for his diaries.



Of the 463 pages, I have gone through up to page 219 and edited it down to 179 pages. Once through, I may want to go through again removing even more - or, I may just use the edited version as a reference when I work on a totally new "fictional work".

I just don't know.

As for reading, I am delighted to be in such a mood to read Céline. I have so much great literature to choose from that I do not feel stuck with Castle to Castle. In fact, I want to finish reading it so I can move on to Rigadoon.

I finished reading Castle to Castle but don't really know what to make of it. Céline doesn't mention any literature whatsoever. Oh well... on to the next one! RIGADOON. From the first page, Céline comes out swinging. Great stuff: he predicts the end of the "white race" through fucking... through "mongrelization".

Supposedly Céline's black humor profoundly influenced Kurt Vonnegut, Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs, Allen Ginsberg and Charles Bukowski. I figure if the rats were considered writers, I surely must be one.

The book compiled from excerpts from my diaries 1987 to 2014 will just be the beginning. What I want to do after that, is plucked I down is to create something a little different - still from my notebooks, but a little different.

25 May 2014 Sun. A novel of ideas? A novel about a man who reads obscure books? A novel about a man who writes in notebooks? What do the novels A Confederacy of Dunces by Tootle and A Fraction of the Whole by Toltz have in common? The main protagonists are anti-heroes who write in notebooks... Also, both Martin Deon and Ignatius Reilly do not hold down regular jobs. Were someone to read my notebooks, they would be led along a trail of books, a trail of ideas. Unlike

Unlike the previous couple of novels (autobiographical fiction) I read by Louis-Ferdinand Céline, this novel, Rigadoon, which he finished the day before his death, starts off with ideas... I like it.

Anyway, I'm already a character like Martin Deon or Ignatius Reilly. How is it that what I write seems to leave out social interactions and goes ~~too~~ directly to ideas, ideas, ideas? Because social interactions bore me.

This is the kind of writer I am and I refuse to, or I am simply not capable of, writing as if I were someone who is attempting to write a novel.

Now... today I shall go through The Book That Wrote Itself, chapters 7 and 8, and remove all the phenomenological crap?

Rise up off the floor ... put on coffee ... grab notebook and pen ...
roll cigarette and smoke, reflecting on dreams ... write
about book I started reading last night ... think
about eggs and toast. Put some music on ...

tempted to drink whiskey ... must restrain myself ... I guess
I could walk around with my notebook and wait for ideas to
come to me ... Or I could walk around with
my "recorder" but how would I record anything when I feel
like all eyes are on me?

Why would I want to waste this craft of writing my thoughts
just to create an artifact? I could just drabble with
Rigadoon ...

... so I walk around the lake with my shades, fresh
new white T-shirt, new shorts, and fairly new sneakers ... Mikey 2014 ...

Surprise! Louis-Ferdinand Céline (Destouches) seems
to have been his most coherent before he died at age 67.
He finished Rigadoon the day before he died. He comes
right out with the unspeakable, shooting from the shoulder -
what a relief to read these things I in print!

No honest writer or speaker will ever want to be polite again.
Our animal experience is concealed by good manners.

On page one he exclaims, "God was invented by the priests!"

"... the white race has never existed ... your honest-to-God man is
black or yellow! The white man with his mongrelizing religions,
Jewish, Catholic, Protestant! The white man is dead!"

"all literature will be devoured ... by charlatans!"

"... the greater a man is the more he exposes himself to being
wounded by all ... wherever he is, he'll be persecuted to
the death. And he knows it. And he can't help it,
and neither can we (the multitude)."

"I'm not telling you anything new ... the Bible ... the world's most
widely read book ... of racism, massacres, genocides, butcheries ..."

“The white men invented the atom bomb; shortly afterward, they perished.” You want me to tell you how?”

“Is it long?”

“No! you can see for yourself, barely two pages! ... you can damn well listen, you pale incompetent ... several hypotheses: they perished in wars, from alcoholism, motorcars, overeating ... other authors tend to believe that they succumbed to religious and substitute fanaticisms, politics, family, sports, social climbing ... all their religions, Catholic, Hebrew, Protestant, Freemason ... first and most of all, same creed: mongrelize! Their absolute article of faith! Do you understand, you ignoramus?”

“Yes ... not much!”

“Wait for the end! the white man's blood doesn't hold up under mongrelization! ... it turns black, yellow! ... and that's the end! the white man was born a mongrel, he was created to perish! dominated blood!” >>>

“... you retarded slow-motion primate!”

On page 31 is a real treat ... great dark satire!

<<< “Curses! ‘paleface’ that I am! and stubborn as such!”

“The redskins perished, didn't they?”

“With a good deal of help from liquor ...

I only drink water ... the redskins have their reservations and their privileges ... their conqueror protested them ... but paleface that I am, the conqueror has only one thought, to debase me more and more! to make off with everything I have, to humiliate me to death ... species to be exterminated, covered with shame ... drowned in shit!” >>>

I can tell, this is going to be a great read ...

Boil some water ... I stir up the instant coffee ... drink it black ... jailhouse style ... Got tobacco?

Sure do! I know why I am reading Céline and Katka and Cioran ... because one day I will rewrite The Book.

From all that I have experienced, I think I have developed enough insight to be able to appreciate a humble little studio apartment living minimalistically on the dole. I can develop my WRITER'S VOICE and scribble away... then I can type from what I scribbled if I choose, if I have the opportunity - can shoot it onto the Internet for anyone interested in the contents of my mind. Simple and attainable and already done!

Hiding out. How's that for a philosophy of life?

Get on the dole, get government assistance, get a golden ticket! Now find a studio apartment with a kitchen and enough room for an inflatable mattress, a place to store trunkfuls of notebooks.

Try to find a place near a grocery store and a library or else you'll be hoofin' it through the snow come winter!

Happineer is grilled cheese with slices of ham. Instant coffee. Tobacco. Blank notebooks! Ink pens! Literature!

Avoid dope fiends! You can get through life without alcohol. You don't believe me, I know. Try it. It's just a matter of breaking the cycle. You say, why bother? You say, why not start the morning off with Vodka? I OK, OK, to each his own... but for right this moment I'm enjoying coffee, tobacco, and literature.

You say you want to shag down booze, turn up the radio and sing? Sure, I've done that before. Hell, I've sang in the streets! Mr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde, that's me.

Where does it lead? Sometimes it leads to being involuntarily incarcerated in a hospital... with disorderly conduct fines waiting for you upon your release. Fun? So, rather than scribble stuff to be published post-humously, why not scribe my own insights to benefit me WHILE I'M STILL LIVING IN THE FLESH?

part of this process of "writing my own insights for my own benefit" while I am still a living organism on the flesh" will involve taking notes from literature to point out which TEXTS are worth returning to. This Rigadoon may be one that's worth re-reading. I suppose Kafka's stories deserve more than one reading as well. It's not about QUANTITY. It's about MOODS. It's about reaching deeper levels of AWARENESS... awareness about the strangeness of everyday life.

A delicious secret the manufacturers of entertainment don't want you to know: It doesn't get any better than an afternoon nap — AND when you sleep, so much that seems to matter DOESN'T MATTER A LICK DAMN!



Is it possible that I didn't save any money this month? A trip through Freehold and Asbury Park — a little peckless... Some shorts, T-shirts and shades — just that was one hundred dollars. I'm going to chill out with purchasing books — my old addiction: MANIA! If I find an apartment by June, I won't have security deposit until the 3rd. Maybe it is best to wait until July. Then I'll be in the clear prior to the first of the month — and it gives me one more month with my mother, one more month where I won't be so tempted to get drunk and SING.

I bought a pair of water shoes when I went for carrot juice. These could come in handy — no socks necessary. I drank so much coffee today that I think I might be up tonight editing chapters 7 and 8 of "The Book". I am writing this for me! I want to have all this in a file to refer to... to be able to search the file...

This is no joke. I am creating the edited and updated version of my compressed diary for my own use. There are many quotes from many literary sources typed directly from my notebooks where I record my research.

This is a life-long project that, by its very nature, will never be completed — until the day I die.

The older I get, the closer I am to death, which is, of course, true for all of us. Still, as I age, I become wiser, not merely through what I read, but also through actual experience. The anxiety I experience is not as intense when I have a notebook I can write in.

Have I really come to the conclusion that I write for my own benefit and not to be published?

People tell me I should write a book or that I should be a "writer." What about all the notebooks I've filled over the years? Even if no one but myself reads the contents, don't these scribbles count as literature? Who decides? Tell me! Who the fuck decides?

What about the notebooks people write in privately the world over? Who decides what is literature?

26 May 2014 ~~12~~ 12 Why is it that on some mornings I just don't want to get up? I wish I could just sleep through life. Is this a desire to be dead?

I see my mother's cat laying in a sunbeam. She does not concern herself with "writing." So I lay in sunbeams.

Do I use the pen as a weapon against imagined premises? I attack the work ethic. I attack small minded notions that pressure us to seek approval of "masters." Could it be the mentality of slave populations that I attack? That's not all I attack... I also attack the notion that one has to "do" something such as traveling in order to "live." When someone takes a motor cycle across the country — yes, now that could give a sense of freedom... but even so, one has to set up camp along the way. One does not escape from the human condition. I just want to BE where Schopenhauer was coming from.

In order to really become comfortable with your own animal body, it helps to spend time alone. Only then do you get to know who and what you really are. If you experience bliss when hiding, there is nothing to be ashamed of. Suppose the multitude want to pack into their cars and head to the ocean on "Memorial Day". It is a sign of merit to want to avoid such a menagerie.

I don't mind that I have "lost touch" with people. They are no longer in my monkey-sphere. I have a very small monkey-sphere.

It's not as if I have nothing to do even though there is nothing I have to do. Chapter 8 of The Book That I Wrote Itself is a Strong Dose of Madness ... There is much I want to remove from it, Anything about phenomenology that is redundant or unclear, I want to remove ...

This could take all day. So be it. Put on a pot of coffee ... this is my element ... This is my nature. I'm a recluse, a ~~solitary~~ a solitary, a THINKER. Damn 'right, I hate from the insanity out there on the highways.

What does it mean to follow one's bliss? I prefer to use the phrase "go manic". One might be drawn to several things at once: securing a computer from an MITM attack, getting into the fourth and most important section of Schopenhauer's The World As Will and Representation, editing one's own "manifesto", and exploring some higher mathematical computing.

Why should you have to focus on one thing?

The brain is chaotic by nature. Why resist it?

At first when I manically and compulsively purchased a \$20 pair of water shoes, I felt guilty because I am supposed to be saving money for security deposit. Now I am very glad I did.

You see, I don't need much. In fact, I most likely can get through the entire summer with 2 pairs of shorts, 3 white T's, a pair of shades, and these water shoes. I just have to wait and see where I will be able to rent an apartment. In the meantime, I can't search frantically all day, every day. What else is there for me to do but edit what I have written?

Facts I can now acknowledge without shame:

- (1) I do not have any close friends
 - I am a loner, a lone wolf
- (2) I do not "date" or look for "casual sex"
 - my only sexual release is from masturbation

- (3) I am not looking for a job or a car
 - I have dropped out of the workforce
 - I'm not trying to be "normal"

- (4) Once I finish editing *The Book That Wrote Itself*, I will have little need for the Internet*
 - I may still have need of a computer for working on new writing projects, storing music, etc

* Actually...
the Internet is
quite a powerful
resource!
2015. AUG



When I reach the point where I can't afford to store my trunks of notebooks, I guess I'll burn them. Where ???

But where? The logistics of the operation are absurd!

Have my scribbles become an anchor?

These are the last of my "possessions".

Well, I solved the problem with "Secure Connection Failed".
Save DOCUMENTS, delete ~~account~~ ^{USER}, create new ~~account~~ ^{USER},
replace documents.
Rather than feel ashamed about doing nothing all day,
I view it as a great inner strength.

I got bored with Rigadoon by page 98. That's OK. It's the last of the books by Des Touches (CÉLINE) that I plan on reading. I'll get back to it when the mood strikes me. I lie on the floor barechested, resting my shaved head on a pillow and napped.

I have become my own existential anti-hero. I'm hiding out at my mother's in a retirement community. I got up, put on water for a strong cup of instant coffee. Maybe this will inspire me to work on the dreaded "Chapter 8" of The Book That Wrote Itself - A Strong Dose of Madness.

Why bother? I wonder if I should give the chapters titles. While reading Kafka, I search for an inner voice... what is this being, this solitary, detached schizoid book worm? ANTI-HERO, ANTI-HERO, not trying to win the approval of the multitude!

A day like this is when I can fully appreciate my asocial ~~the~~ schizoid tendencies. It's "Memorial Day" - a day we are supposed to honor soldiers of the State, a day when so many people flock together... to get drunk and feast on hot dogs and hamburgers. I will also be devouring hot dogs... alone... while my mother attends some gathering. How very appropriate. I don't feel lonely. In fact, I feel more alone in crowds.

Is it because of being in the county jail that I am able to appreciate having many books on hand, to be able to devour 5 hot dogs on cheap hamburger buns - alone with no witnesses? Alone I am able to just be content with being this creature, this monster devouring hot dogs with no pretenses about "having fun". Jailbird, jailbird, that's it. You've discovered what things are about. You have no patience for phonies and their polite society! When you go to Freehold, you roam the woods and fields at night because that is your reality! There are those who catch airplanes, rent cars, and sleep in hotels... different breeds? Different realities? It doesn't take as much to comfort me. Am I such a beast?

I have about five chapters left to edit ... 2009 to 2014.
Then what? I'll just have to wait and see ... Soon the book
by Alvarez will arrive. That might help me with my writing
voice. I may just continue to do what I've always
done, which is writing in my Orwellian THOUGHT PADS.
My main concern is finding an apartment to
move into July 3rd ... July 1st, I mean.

What would I do without rental ^{assistance} insurance?

Well, I dropped a trazadone and a Tegretal ...
waiting to slip into the unconscious. I do like
sleeping here with my aging mother in the next room.
We really are very close!

If I could write a book that would get published,
~~it~~ it still will not earn money. I have never
written for copyright.

Kafka's stories focus on some very disturbing
aspects of the human condition!

How liberating to write FORBIDDEN THOUGHTS!

27 May 2014 Tuesday How liberating to be able to write my real thoughts
in a notebook without requiring a listener who
might accuse me of "conversational bullying". Not requiring
a reader. To be able to jot down
insights without being accused of "not listening".

After listening to the tirade of a feminist spout off
about "mansplaining", I am reluctant to publish
anything at all. Poor Schopenhauer wouldn't have
even got a hearing these days simply for
having a cock.
Next month I want to get my hands on David
Benatar's The Second Sexism: Discrimination
Against Men and Boys.

Someone may one day write a book about the
discrimination against angry white men!



Suppose I created a character, a protagonist who is to be an ANTI-HERO. He's collecting "disability" for bipolar disorder without shame even though there are those who think it is some kind of con. He's very intelligent - intellectual even, but he's a shameless BUM. Will the story be a comedy? a dark comedy?

The antihero generally feels helpless in a world over which they have no control.

In John Milton's Paradise Lost, Satan is the antihero.

In Camus's The Stranger, Meursault is the antihero.

In Dostoevsky's Crime & Punishment, Raskolnikov...

In Ken Kesey's, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, Randle McMurphy...

I want to be an antihero protagonist. How do I transform my living being in the flesh into a literary character in a story?

One scene might be as follows.

Psychiatrist: Are you looking for a job?

antihero: No, I'm looking for an apartment.

psychiatrist: How will you pay the rent? Where does your income...

antihero: disability... bipolar... plus rental assistance...

[The psychiatrist chuckles]

antihero continues: The rent is still too high... now I'm looking for a studio apartment... preferably in a town where I live close to a grocery store and the library.

The antihero is complex and unknowable, a rebel and a nonconformist who swaggers through life with a fierce edge and a stubborn refusal to behave himself.

Explore the darker elements of the human psyche!
Give the antihero a reason to be bad, a realistic backstory... Explain how you came to be an antihero.

The antihero doesn't want to be good. He has inner conflicts.

Remember, I am the basis for this character and I want to be as authentic as possible. What is my interest in reading Kafka? If I am Kafkaesque, if my very life is Kafkaesque, maybe by reading Kafka I might be able to write a little story of my own.

I just don't know. I don't have to know.

Do I believe in "ghosts" or "spirits" or "demonic possession"?

When I fall asleep in the middle of the day, isn't this similar to being in a trance?

Just forget about "the story" right now. You are living it. In the story you are living, you are reading between Kafka. Perhaps you will go back and forth between Kafka and Lovecraft and Poe and Ligotti... and then slip into CODE MODE. Relax. There is no SELF. We are all NOBODIES. Even those who think they are somebody are nobody. We are nothing, none of us... just tubes that eat and shit, fuck and die... Some of us read literature.

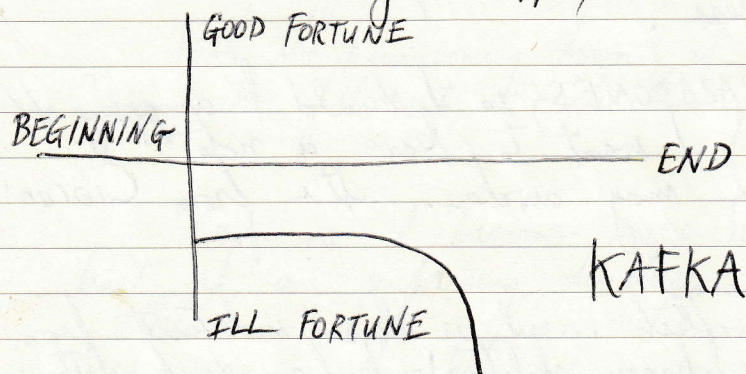
Tonight I drink coffee and smoke tobacco.

I face the fact that I will not find an apartment by June 1st... now I am shooting for July. Tomorrow... tomorrow... tomorrow. Not now. Now I sip coffee, smoke tobacco, and allow myself to be WEIRD.

Historical note: Kafka was "funny". He would read his stories aloud and laugh hysterically at them, even if no one else was.

Generally, most books have a happy ending. I don't like happy endings, because life generally does not have happy endings. Life usually ends in tragedy.

This is Kurt Vonnegut's approximation of a Franz Kafka story:



I can expect life for my protagonist - that would be me - to get worse and worse. Maybe when I get another apartment of my own, I will be able to read Kafka aloud and laugh hysterically.

I'm glad I get to spend so much time with myself. I'm pretty amazing. I keep myself occupied by scribbling in my notebooks... kind of like my favorite fictional literary antiheroes, but I actually happen to actually exist.

As long as I make myself laugh, why should I care that more people would prefer to watch pornography than to know the contents of my mind?

My mother is on a date. She's 72. I'm at home like Ignatius Reilly writing in his copy books. So I can honestly say that literature has helped me to appreciate the hilarity of my own life. If I could reach a "ghost", I guess it would be Kurt Vonnegut Jr. Now. How do I write a story ???

When in an environment where I cannot turn off the television, rather than curse at it like some Ignatius Reilly, I can block it out. It is no little thing. The television and Hollywood blockbusters is a massive conspiracy to shape public opinion... making "heroes" out of police and soldiers... lionizing judges and lawyers, etc. Schopenhauer did not live to see this phenomenon, but I imagine his condemnation of it would have been rampant. nonetheless.

I dropped 2 TRAZADONES, so I should be dropping off soon. Before I do, I want to leave a note for that which may awaken. It's from Cioran's The New Gods.

"... fear adheres to the flesh ... it is almost indistinct from it... These skeletons - happy skeletons! - feel no such thing."

"Anxiety is consciousness of fear."

28 May 2014 W How very depressing looking for an apartment ~~not~~ Now I am trying for one in Ocean Township near the Wegman's grocery store where my mother shops (20 miles). It's outside of Asbury Park. It's one mile from library. I guess it's better than living way up in Keyport, and there really is nothing else available. Already the management is sweating me over not having an employer!

I'll fill out the application and see what happens. I'll fry some eggs and take aspirin. Toothache. Where would I be without my mother?

I'm hanging by a thread, relying on the government for income and rental assistance. I can't afford to be proud.

In fact, observing myself from the outside, I appear to be losing the will to struggle. I take what I can get, but, as far as I'm concerned, I've seen enough of what this world is all about. I just want to hide under blankets with pillows and sleep... or stare into space.

So I have given up. Wherever I end up, I can just do my grocery shopping, read deep literature, and sleep. I don't need to look for a sweetheart. I want to remain "negative." I'm not looking for any salvation in "The Lord." I don't even have any faith in political movements. Life is a failure. Were I to die in my sleep, this would liberate me from the chains of biological necessity.

With the rain coming down, it doesn't look like I'll be going to fill out an application for apartment today.

Even as I become more negative each day, at least I am embracing disillusionment with a philosophic attitude. Life is not worth living no matter who you are. When in a mood like this, I cuddle up under a blanket to read Coran until sleep consumes me. I am at my mother's house, taking sanctuary and soft asylum.

Life is not a party. We survive for the sake of surviving, and there is no purpose or meaning.

I can neither live nor die. So I sleep. It doesn't matter whether I die today or in 30 years. I could have never been born, it's all the same. Why do I bother looking for an apartment then?

Because I am a living human being who is in need of a place to store potbooks and literature as well as a place to store and cook food, and dispose of bodily wastes, and sleep protected from the elements.

I am on "disability" because I would rather be dead than work at a mind-numbing job.

In today's surveillance culture, one has to be careful expounding negative or suicidal philosophies. The "authorities" can detain you indefinitely in a hospital against your will just for being suspected of suicidal ideations.

One thing I have a firm grasp on is that writers such as Kafka or Poe or Lovecraft wrote STORIES. Cioran and Schopenhauer did not write stories. I do not write stories.

Perhaps I have thought myself into the grave... and now I am a man in between worlds. Why not just scribble my reflections? ~~See~~ See if might penetrate the great face of polite society.

What say you, ~~I~~ Ignatius Reilly?

What say you, Martin Dean?

What say you, Henry Fool?

I say the world - the public - is not worthy of my insights... In fact, they are not interested in the deep truths I write about. Thomas Ligotti spells it out in his only philosophical work.

Will I write about the truth and present it as fiction? Must I transform and adjust to the protocol of mass industrial society? No. I don't have to be read, or understood. I don't need to be listened to or understood. Being understood is not a requirement to being a deep thinker!

What a relief to behold such revelations!

I do not need to be employed by a university as a professor or "Doctor of Philosophy" in order to join the ~~intellectual~~ Short List of GREAT NEGATIVE THINKERS. on the Schopenhauer and Cioran

No wonder I don't want to be told how to write creatively. Who shall instruct me how to be honest about how I really feel about existence? I don't want to argue or debate. I am in the mood to read Cioran. Where else am I to express views that tend to be looked upon as "defeatist"?

Right here in my notebooks I exclaim!

My style of writing does not have to compare to Dostoevsky's.
Some of us ARE Raskolnikov (minus the murder).

I noticed Dostoevsky's literary works are called FICTION even though they are autobiographical.

The theme and plot of *Der Steppenwolf* is that the man who is approaching the age of 50 is deciding to kill himself. (Hesse - philosophical autobiography)

To realize that it doesn't matter if I die today or in thirty years implies it doesn't matter if I publish any WRITINGS or OPUS. This is true. Even though I greatly appreciate the works of Schopenhauer, Cioran, and a few others, I understand that I would have come to the same conclusions without them.

One does not need to read Schopenhauer and Cioran to come to the conclusion that we are better off dead. It is better to read such literature or to scribble our negative worldview into a notebook than to get drunk. Is this true? I don't know.

I want to write authentically. The rain pours down outside my mother's house. All my notebooks are dry in chests in storage. I continue to scribble. I let the oceans rise and devour it all!

There will one day be no trace of us ever having existed at all. I write these notes so that I have something deep to read when I become bored with the stories I by Kafka, Lovecraft, and Poe. I become so bored that I just want to let it rip like a 47 year old Roland Cahfield... Now, why it is that I prefer my own thoughts, well... FUCK THE NFL! FUCK THE US ARMY!

I'll be jotting down some phrases that help me release my anger.
I do this in the spirit of The Catcher in the Rye where the protagonist is ruthlessly honest. Many people don't like that character because many people are phonies.

POSITIVE PEOPLE ARE STUPID.

Isn't this why solitude is so comforting? One is able to be miserable in peace without some annoying "life coach" pushing us to make goals.

Access to the Internet has only clarified this feeling that what I am looking for doesn't exist. That's why I feel so compelled to write. I mean, I am looking for something like Catcher in the Rye but without it being minimized as just "adolescent angst."

I write the words that I can't find... I express the ideas that seem most repressed. If one is at odds with the world, if one can see clearly that there is a systematic conspiracy against intellectual property, this may motivate one to detach from the face of society. One might just embrace being a weirdo.

I watch TV sometimes with my mother and I think, "Who are these people? Dances With The Stars?" I go in the other room and search for negativity on the Internet. There may be others like me, but we are all hidden in dimensions of loneliness.

What would we do without grocery stores and automobiles? I don't care if the oceans rise and destroy all of it. There is no purpose in perpetuating our miserable lives. The dishonest phonies will yell, "Speak for yourself! Many of us are quite happy!"

So one who harbors nihilistic feelings might find a great deal of satisfaction in keeping a private diary to express dark thoughts. I must make it clear to myself: I do not intend to write a book. I write because I get relief in expressing the truth with as negative an attitude as I want. I get a certain enjoyment from my own intelligence - an intelligence that I may be rare.

I am not selling my thoughts, but they are free to me. I don't have to pay \$20 to read my own notebook. What I write is what I want to read. As I drag myself from one day to the next, I may explore a few writers who are weird like me... but my main strategy for enduring existence is DEEP THINKING, and, when I possible, articulating these thoughts. NOT FICTION, NOT A STORY. Just thinking out loud and in writing.

Why is it I have a compulsion to seek out books, and then, often enough, I am not compelled to read them? I am obviously in search of something profound, something that can be read again and again.

I am so frustrated. I have lost patience for stories. I want something shockingly real... contemplation of my own corpse. It is all so clear to me how at odds I am with the multitude. How convenient to label this as a "mood disorder." What did Cioran do in the evening? What did Schopenhauer do? Why am I curious I? Bertrand Russell believed that keeping a diary was a morbid practice. Do I really care? Actually I prefer sitting alone writing my thoughts in a notebook to scanning the shelves of a bookstore for a book that might jolt my imagination. The solution to this literary frustration is in reach. If I consider myself an original thinker, I will write letters to the abyss.

My diaries are Letters To The Abyss ... just the rantings
of a lonely ~~least~~ yet articulate ~~best~~, who wants to
tap into the source of all literature.

Still, I want to shun the directive to write
professionally. I don't want to be concerned about
what an "audience" will understand or
sympathize with. I am not at all frightened of
madness. In fact, I am rather
stimulated by the idea of DEMONIC POSSESSION or
entering into a TRANCE-STATE.

I am not going to subscribe to the notion that I am
a freak or a monstrosity, but, instead, rather,
I will record to the best of my ability
my day to day experience until I am no
longer able to do so.

Using my imagination I will envision this skeleton
wrapped in flesh, veins, and sinews, with
eye sockets and nerve endings. Halloween masks ...
the dark aspects of the psyche. What I most
desire is to be comfortable in madness, and
to be ready to become nothing.

A day may come soon when I will have to destroy all
but a handful of my notebooks, the records of
this Steppenwolf. I will have to choose
which books I will keep in a suitcase -
not too many - perhaps just Schopenhauer, Cioran, ?
Kafka, Ligotti ... and ... The Writer's Voice ?

Yes, I have lived long enough to read some great literature,
but what literature calls me to reread it ?
Very few. I have zeroed in. I am taking a
change with Kafka ... seeing if his neurosis will
make me mope at ease with my own experiences
with the human condition. Who could I write to so
honestly and authentically besides a diary to the ABYSS ?

How many countless others like me are there, holed up in hiding from society like some kind of Hunchback of Notre Dame even I though I am quite fit? It is, in my mind, you see, that alienates me from society. I am the outsider, the "strange uncle" with no wife or children.

Failure or great success?

My comfortability with my nonconformist idle lifestyle is surely a concrete living protest against corporatist mentality that expects us all to compete for positions in the work force. Somehow my resistance has been effective so I must be DEMONIZED as a conartist or trouble-maker ... a LAZY SINNER ... an asshole who needs to get punched in the face by some knuckle-dragging athlete.

There really is no need for science fiction when all you have to do is observe the mass hypnosis of public education reinforced by television and Hollywood.

Witness Bizarroland! The most intelligent conversations occur in psychiatric wards ... not in official groups, but during "down time" when patients confess to each other how badly they are wanting a cigarette.

Ligotti wrote some "Corporate Horror." Maybe my diary amounts to some kind of philosophical horror story about not conforming to mass hypnosis and ending up depending on the government for sustenance.

Since I write daily, it takes no effort whatsoever to chronicle my day to day, year to year experiences I don't have to ask permission to think or feel. No publisher necessary. I am not a genre or a section in a library.

I re-read Kafka's In The Penal Colony and found it disturbing.
How strange to be alive, and how much more strange to read literature. The woman at the apartment complex in Ocean Township ~~se~~ sounded like a character from a Kafka story, with her deference to the application process, ... paperwork, documents, from "employer", credit check... ~~things~~ the interrogation.

Maybe there is something to Kafka's stories where he captures the essence of our world.

Now, to be honest, I feel comfortable at my mother's, especially at night. How many nights in my apartments I would be drunk and talking to myself. Some nights I ended up in the hospital, in detention, in jail.

I wonder if I am able to just write and read and not succumb to alcoholic binges I don't mind moving to a town where no one knows me.

I don't mind being dead to the world. In fact, I prefer it. I am disgusted and repelled with what the world has to offer. My writing shall be my revenge!

People do not like Destouches (Louis-Ferdinand Celine). So what! What is it with public opinion that so many people think we all fear what people think of us? What power it is not to care about such things!

So I drag myself through another day. I ~~fat~~ will take Trazadone and lie down on the floor. Maybe I think even deeper thoughts while I am asleep. I want to reach a point where I don't care about not writing stories. I want to focus on the core reality without me,

28 May 2014 Thursday No more mundane details about daily trifles...
 I have to return to Middlebrook at Ocean apartments tomorrow to
 turn in application because I did not have social security card on me.
 Will I be approved? We shall see. If so, at least the complex
 is close to a foodstore and about one mile from a library -
 down the road from high society snobs for sure, but
 at least there are some woods. I just don't know if
 I will be permitted to wander freely. I will just have to keep
 looking... maybe even contacting Marshal Segmann to see
 if there's a dump in Ashbury Park he wants to
 rent me.

It has been therapeutic staying with my mother, but
 as long as I have rental assistance, it is time
 for me to move on to my next CHAPTER.

The difference between at 35 in Monmouth County and at 70 in
 Ocean County: the bus... there is a bus on at 35 into
 Ashbury Park, where there is a train.

Tonight I continue to edit The Book That Wrote Itself.

I can write in my "literature of protest" that soldiers are not MY heroes.

It is something I feel compelled to declare in the face of the
 mind numbing propaganda we are subjected to in the media.

As for the oil and our "way of life" - let it end...

I do not have to ask permission to feel this way.

It is wise though not to be too vocal since I do not wish
 to incite the unreflective's wrath.

This zeroes in on The Impossibility of Being Hentrich!

There are those who would silence such declarations... and
 so I walk in fear of the multitudes.

My own nonsense, my own madness... It must be madness, this
scribbling to release anxiety. Shall I stay awake
into the night and edit what shall I become
Chapter 14 of The Book That Wrote Itself?

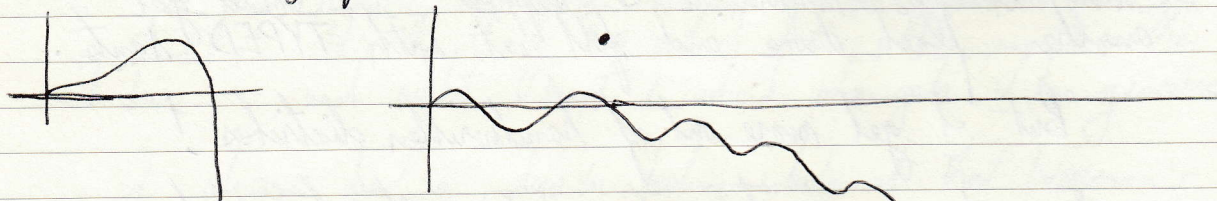
31 May 2014 Saturday Here is an image... the corpse.
The suppression of literature? That's it!
Literature is for the poverty stricken? I studied "hard science".
Sometimes I still find myself drawn to mathematics, but
now I am more like Doctor Faustus... or
Charles Dexter Ward... I imagine what my life at
Middlebrook at Monmouth would be like... the daily and
monthly rituals. Going to the library... little excursions
to Freehold to let the demons out...
I am a beast creature?

It appears I have been "excused" from the work-force.
Am I on permanent "sick leave"? Is every day
a MENTAL HEALTH DAY?

Change title of The Book That Wrote Itself:

Diary of a Cul de sac → Diary of a Dead End?

Diary of a Deadbeat? DIARY OF A DEAD END



Could it be that the ideal audience is a jailbird
who has no inclination to play basketball or poker?
Look, does it matter if you are a deadbeat
or a famous celebrity? One can live an adventurous
life without ever leaving one's desk. In an age when anyone
can produce a documentary and put it on youtube, when
one can write a diatribe treatise and post it on a blog,
there is something rather precious about writing secretly.

That's it! Writing secretly! Recording myself speaking on a recorder, not to be uploaded onto the Internet, but for my own amusement.

When did I start writing "on the Internet"? 2003, after Rutgers. Over ten years ago. I know I have some kind of voice... Horticide, Broken Spirit, Crazy Ghost, xentric... yes, okay... the thrill of being read by others is gone. There is a deeper I want to reach that does not require an audience, and, in fact, might be hampered by it.

Clumsy language — what is this "I" referred to?

When I venture into Freehold, why do I do it, to be seen or not to be seen? Do I go in order to rediscover my comfort zone in the woods and fields? Certainly there is not much delight in being viewed as I "that crazy deadbeat pale Sass".

I do not want to write "responsibly" or according to some kind of metric. I want to use language to penetrate the farce of polite society.

In order to help me toward this direction, I have had to forsaken "audience" or any notion that I am creating "art." I write a literature of protest. My life has become an experiment against the tyranny of public opinion, to see just how severely one can defy social norms and remain outside of its institutions (jails and hospitals).

If you have a position to hold down, you have to truckle, and you have to be dishonest.

 I imagine all the grocery stores being empty and no fuel at the gas stations. What then? Helicopters and tanks? Massive starvation? Cannibalism?

I saw a woman with no legs in the Target. Did this make me feel ashamed for being so frustrated with life? No... we don't appreciate our health until we lose it, I guess. I'm just grouchy. There is no way of knowing just how many people feel the way I do. It is not worth talking about it, but I can write about it without involving others. Since I do not want to run away from these feelings of frustration, I write about it.

Can I write to the future? Let me tell you that, first of all, I think I know how you must feel - being alive. Maybe you are surrounded by people who act as if though everything is "hunky dory". Well, I will confide in you that, as you know already, life is bizarre and creepy.

If possible, you will want to curl up somewhere warm and dry and sleep... Are you hungry, dear reader? Are you thirsty? You must, of course, take care of those urgent needs first... before you can sleep! Oh how I sympathize with you, the living!

1 June 2014 Sunday One of the positive consequences of not owning a motor vehicle and not having to report to an employer is that I have developed the capacity to "entertain myself". Just editing the notes I have acquired is like going on a little adventure.

Some things ought to be committed to memory:

H.L. Mencken on "The American Religion"

"In a democratic society it is more hazardous than elsewhere to show any oddity in conduct or opinion. Whoever differs from the general is held to be inferior, though it may be obvious, by any rational standard, that he is really superior. People become standardized. Their laws lay heavy penalties on any man whose taste in reading, in drinking or in any other private avocation differs from that of his neighbors."

Life tends to be regimented and unpleasant, and everyone is more or less uneasy."

Virginia Woolf asks, "If truth is not to be found on the shelves of the British Museum, where, I asked myself, picking up a notebook and pencil, is truth?"

She also wrote, "Literature is open to everybody. I refuse to allow you to turn me off the grass. Lock up your libraries if you like; but there is no gate, no lock, no bolt that you can set upon the freedom of my mind."

Idea for title → DEAD END: A Philosophical Diary

Now that I'm closing in on the well over 300 page concentration of nearly 30 years of scribbles, I might feel more free to just write essays.

Dead End contains 18 chapters and is about 355 pages.

That's enough. It spans 1987 through early 2014.

I start a new document beginning in April 2014:

ON BEING AN UNEMPLOYABLE EX-MENTAL-PATIENT SUPER-GENIUS

I feel calm and excited, at the same time. I've accomplished something, and now I am free to do away with those cumbersome timestamps!

What now? 'What now' is right.

I placed a couple of posts from gortbusters.org (2003) on the top of my blog. I think I am finished.

I don't think I'll be blogging anymore. I won't be writing up to date "posts" on the front page. I'm done. I work on chapters for "Super Genius".

I renamed this notebook NONSENSE: Notebook #1 because I am starting over. I really am. All the previous notebooks represent the foundation I concentrated in the file "Dead End." The theme "Unemployable Ex-Mental Patient Super-Genius" is meant to flip the script, implying that it is possible to be marginalized, alienated, and "disabled" in a society while, at the same time, being ~~among~~ a very elite phenomenon.

The reason I call the new series "Nonsense" is inspired by ~~the~~ a scene in Dostoevsky's Crime & Punishment. My nonsense is more valuable to me than other people's sense! I am confident that I have accomplished what John Taylor Gatto was encouraging his students to do. While it may seem incredible that the market forces want a dumbed down population, it is clear that this is the case.

Somehow I have been able to develop the confidence to think for myself. I utilize writing to keep track of inner transformations, to work through set backs, and to work through anxiety over the unknown. I walk the razor's edge. I understand that my not being married, not being employed, not owning a car, not having children, and being a loner does set me apart from the multitude, but there are many specimens like me the world over. It is good for me to keep track of my existence and my ~~ideas~~ thoughts.

The reason I refer to myself as a super-genius is to stand up to the stigma of being ~~was~~ categorized as "mentally ill." It is, as H.L. Mencken said, because I differ from the general, I am held to be inferior, though it is obvious that I am really superior. Where is truth to be found? We all have to endure existence. This includes grief and heartache. If my life were to end in my sleep tonight, at least I compiled some material on the Internet. At least I have lived a reflective life.



2 June 2014 Monday Is it better to sit around reading dark satire than sneaking around trying to drink booze? Definitely yes! What is one I really up to when imbibing alcohol, especially the way we did in Freehold and Asbury Park - first thing in the morning? We were saying that life has nothing to offer us, and that we do not need our mental capacity. And what value is in reading a book like Céline's Rigoberto? There is still the powerful feeling that nothing is worth doing. Change the world? What? Are you kidding? Drag yourself through another day!

No goals... to have no goals... no ambition.

I could do some research on "unemployable personalities". We each respond to being alive in different ways. When in solitude, when I am free to enjoy my own higher faculties, when I don't have to defend my worldview against the attacks of those who defer to authority, I am less likely to succumb to alcoholic oblivion. Why do most people busy themselves with reproducing and therefore toil? church activities? volunteer work? shopping? careers? Barbara Walters - huh!

Because they can't stand their own company.

Through thinking and writing I have been able to defy social enculturation. Somehow I have managed to destroy the cop in my head. Just now, while writing, an incoming call from 303 500 6585 - unrecognized number. I don't answer it - the art of hiding...

Who could it be? Let them have a message! I'm not fucking around anymore with these damn mind parasites. Oh, there is a war on alright, a war for my MIND. The enemy I fight daily is the one that was placed in my head... the machine in my head... It is a mental battle. The enemy is inside of us... wants us to feel overwhelmed.

Being different is often equated with being inferior. Often it is quite obvious that the "different" one is quite superior to the group.

We have internalized our masters. When we find ourselves comfortable in our own orbit, thinking deep thoughts and maybe even slowly reading a few pages of some book, there are those voices of the master/enemy questioning the "value" of what we are doing.

Daydreaming? Fantasizing? Contemplating?

How unproductive! Lazy scoundrel! Those are the alien voices of the various representatives of civilization in our heads.

Corporate horror.

I am researching the idea of the unemployable genius. It's an aggressive attempt to value qualities and characteristics that are devalued by the corporate go-getter mentality.

I consciously hate the way of life of the multitudes. I don't discriminate. I hate mostly everyone.

One on one, I am respectful to each individual I encounter, but as a group, as a species, ...
Wow ... what a fucking mess ... and it is so impressed with itself! HA!

To be an honest thinker is to be unemployable. They only hire liars. To be in their system, you have to lie.

Another great lie: If you don't have a job, you're a loser. What absolute brainwashing. Slavery is for winners!

There may be only about 1000 people who "get it" in the whole of Western world.
"Don't interrupt me when I'm talking to myself."

I want to reach the forbidden zone, the intellectual forbidden zone.... that zone we had reached at whywork.org that just spit in the faces of those who defer to authority. We exist in a world of mass and phonies. Why do the enslaved wish to see everyone enslaved? I am a thought criminal. I delight in defying the pressure to conform to the work ethic.

How I am able to fill notebooks with nonsense and read obscure books: ACCESS TO LEISURE. Could it be that because so many can't handle leisure without extreme discomfort, they lionize those who are "productive workers" and invalidate "contemplation" and "thinking"?

I think I have reached a point where I realize I am a character in a dystopian world. I write in my notebook, like the protagonists in 1984 and We... but I write about subtle annoyances.

Maybe the reason I exert so much patience is because I am so irritable. This sounds like a contradiction, but my nonsense makes sense to me. I don't want to have a fit over something petty, so I take deep breaths. In reality I'm a live I wire.

I've come to realize that there are not many people who are "in my orbit." Even on the Internet, there really aren't many people on my wavelength.

And so my companions are books.

Tonight I spent another \$16 on a book, a novel: © 2013 The Circle by Dave Eggers. I was searching for DYSTOPIAN LITERATURE and this came up. It's an international bestseller.

It's Brave New World for our brave new world. A vivid, roaring dissent to the companies that have cooped us to disgorge every thought and action onto the Web. Dark comedy. Maybe this novel might inspire me to try to write a subversive story of my own.

Am I reading this novel for entertainment or am I looking for some message of dissent — like *This Perfect Day*? I am in the process of detaching from the Internet. I put my life story up there for anyone to read. Why don't I care? Well, I have confidence that the PHILOSOPHICAL SUBVERSION in those pages are far more significant than any social embarrassment caused to me.

So ... I am looking for that "corporate horror" feel.

I'm agitated. Reading a novel, I can't imagine myself as Schopenhauer or Arian writing like that. Am I able to enjoy it? I'll try to get into the story without being too critical. I will repeat to myself, "You don't have to be a novelist to appreciate a novel."

I am not a novelist. I am an ANTI-NOVELIST. I scribble nonsense ... DOSTOEVSKIAN NONSENSE ... KAFKAESQUE PIG SHIT ... Really ... where do these notes lead? Am I a graphomaniac? What am I to do with all the notebooks filled? Wasn't Old Bobbo Lyness from the Park Service also a graphomaniac? Strange life. Who am I?

Do I just like the feel of the ink on the page? Am I amazed with the passage of time, how blank notebooks mysteriously fill up? I remember writing in notebooks years ago. Now those notebooks sit in a chest. Is it not strange and surrealistic? Another human being doesn't listen. They are not interested in what I have to say. They want me to be quiet so they can smoke crack! I so prefer my own company ... No more blogs. Why waste my time with blogs? In the age of the Internet, writing in cursive privately seems to be a radical and revolutionary thing to do — I do not need affirmation that anyone else thinks the way I do.

I'm agitated, as I have mentioned. When the cat hisses at me, I tap her on the cheek to let her know she is pathetic. I am an ape. That feeling of used to get as a teenager when I would write my thoughts hiding away in a corner ... an uncivilized preference for solitude. Why?

Because society is a farce. I want to write the truth, to be a million miles away from TV commercials and Hollywood celebrity culture... Why must I respect soldiers? Why must I respect athletes? Why must I respect religion? I have found a place where I am free. All along it has been through writing, and I don't need an instructor to teach me how to write the truth.

It is quite possible that the practice of writing my stream of consciousness over most of my lifetime has given me a dimension of existence many do not experience. How many people listen to their inner voice so intently? If I find a novel to be kind of mainstream, I admit it to myself. I read critically.

Now... the reason I take the Trizadone: because sleep is the closest thing to death, and it is good for consciousness to evaporate. I don't stop thinking when I sleep. So much I worry about disappearances, but other things become even more clear. I am 47. I have gone this long without marriage, without procreating, without a career. I am certainly not a drone. Somehow I have managed to resist.



3 June 2014 Tuesday Detach from the Internet. Detach from TV. Detach from the values of the hypnotized masses! It has been clear to me for so long, and I stand by my convictions... Nobody cares. This no longer disturbs me.

Even the soldiers know: The horror that is America is DISGUSTING. There is no need to attempt to write a science fiction blockbuster film. Spielberg is not my hero. Steve Jobs and Bill Gates - not my heroes. In fact, I identify more with the antiheroes in subversive literature, the characters that the sophisticates and bourgeois phonies find PATHETIC. They may read *Catcher in the Rye*, but they say Holden is pathetic and immature.

It is clear to me why I identify, specifically, with Ignatius Reilly and Martin Dean (literature) as well as Henry Ford (film) - each of these ANTIHEROS write graphomanically in standard notebooks. If I am able to secure an apartment, I will have to go through the material to see what shall be salvaged for the next ~~generation~~ time I relocate.

Now, of course I'm not going to spend every day overwhelmed with the state of the world, but this does enable me to be less upset about my "loser" status. How many border of youth are channelled into universities and jails? When their world falls apart, when brainwashed soldiers wake up to the reality of just how disgusting America and its allies are, only then might they actually be able to appreciate the stance of the unemployable ex-mental-patient super-genius.

So, I take a chance with a current novel, The Circle, because it promises to be a prophetic warning about the corporations shaping our "Internet" saturated day-to-day experiences in the West. I have become so disgusted with the advertisements and presence of "celebrity culture" that I only use the Internet for searching for literature. I've seen enough.

When I read a current novel I expect a little "main stream" representation in the characters, but I am giving the novel a chance, hoping to see the nightmarish aspect of corporate bliss be revealed.

Note₁: I suspect that some kind of CYBERATTACK has been instantiated against me. I keep creating temporary accounts on my mother's machine just to check email and post on wordpress. Import settings? Don't import anything.

Note₂: Still waiting to hear about apartment in Ocean. If I get approved by tomorrow, since I will be in that area with my mother (Wegman's), maybe I can get money order at the bank and secure the place for July. Then I rent storage for another month, sit back and relax: getting money order for 1.5 * 890 plus \$162 balance plus renter's insurance plus electric & gas turned on. Else contact Marshal Sigmann.

The fish in the nets behave as though they are superior to the poor fish who can't seem to find their way into a net. The employees behave as though they are superior to those who can't seem to find a job. How bold.

Reading the novel The Circle reminds me how fortunate I am to be so-called "unemployable." I have to admit I am a little nervous about not being approved for the apartment in Ocean Township. I will be relieved to hear I am approved. It's not that I am unhappy with my mother. In fact, I feel comfortable here, especially at night. I am also much more emotionally and mentally stable. The thing is that I rental assistance is valuable to me. I will be alone but independent. I certainly am some kind of free spirit.

I will just be sure to stay in touch with my mother via the telephone. I will try not to make too much noise. I should I drink some wine. I won't be too quick to hang out in Freehold, although I do think sleeping under the stars out on Belaire, with a pack containing water and food and a blanket would give me a sense of freedom.

I don't have to visit anyone in Freehold. I am a lone wolf — a Steppenwolf.

It is good that I have bonded so much with my mother. Why am I not close to my father? All he does is work. I wonder if I will ever even see him again. If so, how many times. Does he use work as an excuse to just get through life and be done with it?

If so, this is his business. There is nothing I can do about it. Myself, I don't plan on being anyone's father. I am a dead end and I am proud of it!

How to express directly to that which is conscious? This being - is it a unicuity or is it a process? Maybe reaching out to society is not the way to see things as they are. When I am dead (or asleep) "I" do not seem to exist. We live in a world where a homeless man in a city stabs a child to death. How does this make me feel? Yes, I want to hide. Yes - better never to have been born. How does it end. By 2030, our species goes extinct. What is there to do? In 16 years, if "I" am still alive, "I" - my animal body - will be 63.

I keep reading books to pass the time. I keep eating food. So much nonsense. I write only to keep my mind "together". My mother is concerned I won't be able to afford to keep her house in Lersue Village. Life can become a nightmare. How to keep from becoming overwhelmed?

4 June 2014 Wed I wish I could verbalize what I feel when I open my eyes in the morning about what ails me. I can't help but wonder how many others feel the way I do. It is not necessarily a bad thing to become disillusioned. When soldiers become disillusioned, they become conscientious objectors. Kurt Vonnegut Jr didn't carry a gun in Germany during World War 2 when he was captured and taken as a prisoner of war. I pity soldiers and I despise the unreflective lionization of soldiers who just follow orders.

Is this what ails me? Children being stabbed by a grown man for no apparent reason. Is this what ails me? Could it be that I am waiting to hear about whether I've been approved for yet another apartment? Is it general disillusionment with not having an outlet to express this disillusionment?

Keep your startling and dreadful thoughts to yourself! Harken well: "None of us wants to hear spoken the exact anxieties we keep locked up inside ourselves. Smother that urge to go spreading news of your pain and nightmares around town. Be sure to get on with things or we will get on without you."

I was not approved for the apartment due to credit report.
No surprises there. I owe ambulance bills, hospital bills,
and I haven't used a credit card since 1996. I haven't
made car payments since 1992. I'm sick of this world and
its god damn credit reports! FTW

I don't even feel like looking for an apartment anymore. I can't
just leave the country and go live in Ecuador.
There doesn't seem to be anywhere for me to live in
all of Marmouth County. Will I end up in Keansburg?
I can't even find a place in Ashbury Park. Hell, I
don't even want to live there!

Right about now I am just totally disgusted. Forget moving out
West... It sucks out there, too. I'm just getting
disgusted with what people have acclimated themselves to
to. I would hate to be at the mercy of a
Marga Bundy again. No live-in landlords!

No group homes. There is a limit to what I will
put up with, as far as LIVING is concerned.

Keep this world. It's not meant for living in.

Do I want to get drunk? What good would that do?

Do I want to track down a book?
Why bother? I'll read the books I have collected.

This world has nothing to offer me. I only stick around
so as to help my mother through her nightmare
existence. No one else gives a shit. They
sit back and take morbid pleasure in her
helplessness. There are no sympathizers for me since
it is clear I don't do anything but complain
about life's meaninglessness. What to do
now? Take a nap. Give up. If I lose
section 8, I will still have to pay \$120 per month to
store belongings that have no value. Like Sheldons Norton,
I will lose all... even my books & diaries...

Maybe at this point I will try to nap. Otherwise I could become ~~very~~ very cranky. Where will I end up? Suppose my mother were not in my life. Would I stay in New Jersey? Maybe. Where else is there for me to go? I am alone. I guess I would be ok with just... going to sleep and never waking up. Is this what B is trying to do? Most likely. I don't blame anyone for trying to go to sleep permanently.

Eventually I got rid of my books and my diaries and my computer. Then I just... talk to myself... Who knows what it is to be me? I am not to be envied.

Yet, I certainly am my own hero. I have contempt for "Drake" --- what a big phony!

Do I see myself ending up back in Ashbury Park?
I just want to sleep now.



I am just taking notes on the process of seeing things as they really are. There is an element of intellectual satisfaction upon striking upon the truth without having to defer to some representative of science or religion. One thing I do appreciate is my own peculiar temperament; my integrity allows me to behold the Hell it must be for those who expect so much more from life. Witness the misery that is a consequence of what one demands! I, for one, see that the only purpose of any life form is to perpetuate its kind... there is no "love" or "romance". There can be a universal compassion for all sentient form of life, who have to endure being alive. But at least I do not musty, faintly imagine there is anything such as a "success"! It's all an illusion, a farce.

Writing secretly has once again become my final refuge. The Internet really has turned to shit. Also, when I heard a woman on WBAI use the term "mansplaining," I felt myself lose all desire to instruct others. It has not been a waste if I have reached the conclusion that it may be best just to write for my own amusement. It is not necessary to force the world to acknowledge that I know what Schopenhauer knew. I don't need to be officially acknowledged as a latter day Diogenes in order to be a latter day Diogenes.

From now on, this vessel here, this animal body ~~to~~ will harvest the wisdom of my ~~past~~ experience.

Become hard. Scorn the universe. Be confident in your disillusionment. This could be the greatest revenge - to see through the farce of society. I do not envy others. What I have is not for sale. I could.

Could my circumstances actually be like Kafka's "The Castle"? I mean, could the mediocre drones actually be conspiring against me ... systematically? They want me to die. They prefer me to shut up ... better still, to kill myself. And yet, here I am ... still.

Am I prepared to lose all my books, all my writings ... my kitchen supplies? Not just yet.

And there are a handful of books I would keep.

But I will say this: I have seen enough of what life has to offer. I do not envy Rich Fore. I see what he has become, and I can appreciate how much more reflective a creature my life experiences have made me. It is I who am of unattainable ... Gene Simmons is repulsive. He is not my hero. Why is it I find Ligotti's philosophical manifests so much more worth reading than all his stories put together? Because I appreciate the raw truth.

So, I've come to the conclusion that I get more mental stimulation from writing my own NONSENSE than reading another's sense. It is a kind of breakthrough - not giving a shit about the Internet. Am I just amazed at how idiotic people are? Could I be that superior that an intelligence that I'm just insulted by the social media, the advertisements, and just shocked by the amount of human beings who actually believe we are some kind of miracle?

Since I don't need anyone to understand what I am going on and on about, I don't need anyone to listen to me or read what I write. Now we are getting somewhere. I won't be sending out memos.

I won't be bringing this up at some support group or discussing it with a therapist, minister, or guru. This is my own private rant - unplugged. I can't be accused of "mansplaining" since I am not addressing anyone.

I've written myself through some psychologically painful experiences... Does this personal self even exist, or am I just BACTERIA WITH BRAINS? I go to the grocery store and witness many other ape-like tubes engaged in stocking up on food. I wonder how many others I am reflecting upon such deep matters.

I see the women... make eye contact even... I fear witness... I see through the face of polite society... I see TALKING APES WITH CAR KEYS.

Are there officials behind the scenes wondering when I am going to just snap? If I truly feel I've all, would I have been better off never having been born, then the multitudes are COCK ROACHES on CRACK. There is no self or personality. Ligotti has a grasp on it.

"Everyone prefers to continue their existence as a mind and a self, no matter what pain it causes them, no matter how false and unreal they may be, than to face the

quite obvious reality of being only a body set in motion by this
MINDLESS, SOULLESS, and SELFLESS
force which he designated "the shadow, the
darkness."

Nobody possesses a soul or a "self".

The world is an absolute nightmare.

Do we know what we really are?

Of course I do not attempt to buy into the false sense
of personal identity associated with owning an
automobile, a house, having a position in society,
having a wife, a church, reproducing,
belonging to etc...

I see through the lies.

What kind of underworld scum run the world? And what about all
the creepy enforcers? Who needs to write novels about this
squalid fiction bizariland? NOT ME! What book or what
shelf will give me a direct encounter with reality?

Deeper into disillusionment! Disgust with what life has to
offer! Wide awake ... WATCH OUT!

Because it is a nightmare to be conscious - this is why
we swallow Trazadone ... to go to sleep ... for when
we sleep, we are not conscious!

What idiots the multitudes are!



5 June 2014 Thursday Is it possible that the way Schopenhauer and
Gioran saw & experienced existence was really universal?
The only difference, which is a huge one, is that such men
had the confidence to proclaim openly their darkest insights,
whereas the multitudes are stuck playing roles as false
selves.

What How is this "false self" (soul, mind) related to the idea of God in monotheism? Let's think about this... There is no need to discuss it or engage in debates with others about this. This is deep thinking, and the difference between worldviews are so extreme that one's understanding is best deepened in solitude.

It is crucial to understand that everyone would have been better off not being born. This implies that we are absolutely better off dead. Now, there really is no "self" that I am a personal self who exists for a bit of "time".

Tubes, intestines, neurotransmitters, sacks of excrement...

Shall I be overly concerned or overwhelmed with my "outfitter" status? Shall I panic over losing my writings and books? How much more "present" I am as I am a mass of flesh - this "personal self" who is attached to those journals does not really exist. The organism exists, but the personal self does not. The self is a fiction.

These "credit reports" and criminal records and other legal narratives are modern day equivalents of "God's Judgment".

I guess I will continue to make phone calls in search of an apartment, but all the while, I will be detaching from this world, from this life. I have seen I enough.

Why I would celebrate the oceans rising and massive die off; For all those who enforce rules and complain about people living on Section 8... for all those who think they are the salt of the earth for being employed - it would be I delightful to witness them destroyed by the forces of nature (SATAN)!

When I read the comments people make about Section 8, when I can see clearly how ignorant and brainwashed these wage-slaves have become, I know who my real enemy is: the middle class... the working class consumer zombies!

They keep this meaningless perpetuation of the status quo going.

I am thirsty for destruction... Great floods to bury the highways...
massive die off and an end to the petty slaves
small minded pickering... how superior the wage slaves
feel... I'd rather witness the collapse of
civilization due to lack of participation.

Stop breeding mindless drones!

Some ignorant cunt asks, "who brags about being on Section 8
and food stamps?"

To her I return, "Who brags about being a debt slave?"

The reason I have returned to writing privately with no intention
on posting on the Internet is because I am more
free to tap into my true feelings. If I were a
supernatural entity, I would destroy
civilization and put an end to the ignorant masses
of "productive workers" who actually think they
are the salt of the earth!

Public education churns out obedient workers, soldiers, clerks,
and enforcers of rules. I daydream of your extinction, and
I am more than happy to die with you in
floods, hurricanes, tsunamis, and blizzards
of destruction... MASS DESTRUCTION.

I do not intend to complain about wherever I end up.
If I end up in Keansburg or Keyport, so be it. I
will adapt. This is my reality. I love the
poor, hate the rich, and have disdain for the middle-class.

No fear! All the brain dead wage slave can do is scream
"GET A JOB!" — Why? You are better off on government
Relief! Fuck you. This is why I no longer
aspire to be some kind of Albert Camus. I want to
be a dark philosopher, a vessel for "Nature", i.e. The Devil.

Uncanny. My mother gave me a \$30 gift certificate for Barnes & Noble. There are no books I really had in mind. Born To Fear: Interviews with Thomas Ligotti, edited by Matt Cardin won't be available until June 30th. One thing leads to another with an Internet connection. I searched for books by Matt Cardin and settled for Dark Awakenings, half fiction, the other half theory. It went for over \$30, but with coupon, under \$30. It will be shipped quickly (for free). I also discovered a fascinating ebook on line for free by Matt Cardin c. 2011

A Course in Demonic Creativity:

A Writer's Guide to the Inner Genius

I suppose I will be taking notes... Should I be searching frantically for a place to relocate? I am somewhat discouraged. Still, I am at least in a scholarly mood, zeroing in on the exact area of literature that has gotten my attention. If worse comes to worse, I will have to request an extension to August 1st. I'm still going for July 1st... but where to? Which is worse, Asbury Park or Keansburg? Keansburg is an hour away from my mother.

Wherever I end up, I will continue to live the life of an eccentric scholar like Charles Dexter Ward.

Someone who writes me via email almost daily has taken an interest in my writings, and also has very similar literary interests. I have hinted at wanting to finance the publication of some kind of book. When I see what this Matt Cardin put out for free, I know that I can also offer my NONSENSE for free as well.

Genius is the inability to earn a living.

Witness what the multitude is indoctrinated to strive for :
homes in suburbia where they collect gadgets!

Sitting on sofas watching movies... getting brainwashed by
"news" & broadcasters. Is this inevitable?
Is there a way out of it?

I no longer have an urge to escape to Freehold.
Why not? Because all that is there waiting for
me is a liquor store, railroad tracks, and the woods
and fields where I would wander around drunk...
No love, lost. And Asbury Park? What does that
environment have to offer me but for a shuttle to
the Monmouth County jailhouse?

What choices do I really have? Hospitals, jails, AA bullshit,
tent cities? What kind of bizarroland is this?
Why bother trying to publish anything I write?

I am not a phony liar. I speak the truth!

"Marry and reproduce." WHY?

Honor the soldiers. WHY?

I can't take it anymore! How to even talk to anyone
about it? All over the Internet, it is
crystal clear that the masses are unreflective sheep!

Where does anything lead? We cannot escape from the
situation we are in. The masses are not
interested in the truth. If we do not conform to
this idiotic way of life, we are considered losers.

I no longer know what to do. I continue to read.
I continue to write about my frustration, but I am
ready for... ready for... That's it! The unknown.
I do not know what is coming. Is my
mother prepared for me to disappear into the PRISON COMPLEX?

The thing I value most, as long as I am not incarcerated in some hospital, at least is my pen and notebook. Without the ink and paper, I still have my thoughts. It is just mind boggling to contemplate how many people are out there helpless against this world... all those in group homes, welfare motels, homeless, in group hospitals.

AN EPIDEMIC of PANIC and DESPAIR!

Does it even make sense for me to live far away from my mother and drink myself into oblivion? Should I consider staying with her and paying her some rent just to stay on her floor? I would still have to pay for storage. If I lose section 8, I will never afford an apartment, so why store all my notebooks? I guess I'll try to write less, since I will only be able to carry so much. How pathetic! And yet I care not my scribbles more valuable than state-of-the-art televisions?

Well, I'll take a deep breath. The only "purpose" of life is to REPRODUCE, even if life itself has no purpose. They lie people tell themselves are so that they don't have to face the reality of the situation.

It helps to explain these matters to oneself. There is no need to explain it to someone else. In fact, it might be best to just write these insights down for my own benefit.

Who knows? These honest reflections may give me an edge. I will be less likely to envy those who "multiply." There will come a day when many will pray for I am Adolf Hitler.

We are living in ~~an home~~ a science fiction type reality.

People as drones, as automatons, in a mind-control stupor while thinking they are living in a free society.

My life is a protest. George Carlin was a hero of mine.

I have been told by many people that I remind them of George Carlin. That makes me smile.

War of the wombs: Muslims breed like mosquitoes.
And South Americans Catholics? Ja ...

The reason why my thoughts flow more authentically when I write privately is because **BINGO** I am not concerned with how "I" will be perceived - but really trying to dig into my psyche.

I'm not concerned about hurting anyone's feelings.

We really do live in a science fiction reality where there is a vast conspiracy to control us through economic strategems.

Raw meat. OK, so I have a social security number which grants me income each month and potential rental assistance if I agree to live where it is available.

Section 8 no longer ~~is~~ will allow me to live in most the places available in Monmouth County. This is reality.

They've been fucking with me for 30 years!

Because I have rebelled all along. I am a living protest!

They reward conformity. ~~and raise~~ What will become of me?

What will become of my mother? It really is impossible to be me. I call this a nightmare because I am at the mercy of retards, drones, sheep, enforcers.

Verily, I am in the process of resigning from the species.

I'm "in the know". The Lord says, "Marry and reproduce!" and I say "No" —
sare that "shit for the suckers (the gorts).

Choose life? Choose a job? Choose marriage?

Choose a big fucking TV and a sofa?

Choose dental insurance?

Fixed interest mortgage payments?



I must be eating well as my last bowel movement was gargantuan. I wonder what percentage of the population actually marries and/or reproduces. How many other crazy fancies are out there who don't marry or have careers? I imagine the amount who choose hard drugs and/or booze as an alternative to "success" are huge. What about the benefits of choosing death?

Or, just going for as long as one can, with as little as possible. I supposed enough people in the USA lived with THIRD WORLD awareness and values...

Some people go off the deep end and go on shooting rampages. What about the amount of people who just give up but don't die...?

I have my health and I appreciate it, I do. I'm not wasting my life chasing security. Some people tell me my writing is powerful, and yet I am annoyed by this writing. I mean, I'm filling up yet another notebook. Has my style improved? Shall I continue to write about my anxiety?

I definitely think I am on the right track as far as not considering writing professionally. That is not the kind of writing I do. Well, then, what type of writing is it that I actually do? I VENT.

Suppose I see representatives of NASA are talking about space exploration. That's one of those subjects that irk me. I am so at odds with the way the space monkeys think. So, rather than go to war with the world with my pen, I validate my own worldview by writing it down.

You see, I don't care what others pay attention to. The audience is irrelevant. In an era where everyone leaves "comments," where anyone can just poke you with a stick, it makes no sense to write in order to instruct or entertain others. I am my own company and my own audience. I hate to break your bubble, but the world I and what my society thinks of me is no concern of mine.

I have stumbled upon some very powerful insights. My edge is that I write for myself. My edge is that I do not write for your amusement. Maybe the attitude I have while writing has carried over into my way of life.

So what if I spend hours scribbling my thoughts in notebooks and all I have to show for it are chestfuls of notebooks that have in storage. This is just the way I get through life... Sometimes during my life I resort to drinking alcohol. Then I don't write since I become incapacitated. Then I talk into a recorder. Either way, there is this DEMONIC GENIUS with me expressing its frustrations. If I am able to find another apartment, I will not be subjected to the TV, but then again, I won't have 24/7 access to the Internet either. It is not easy to exist - point blank. THAT is why I succumb to poisoning myself with alcohol. And it is not as though I envy those who "marry and reproduce" and go on exotic vacations. I am just trying to endure existence, and I know that life is a problem for every creature alive.

Is this is the universal reality so many face. Ligotti really zeroes in on this in *The Conspiracy Against the Human Race*. In fact, even from the bloggers on youtube, the anti-natalists, impressed me, especially when one made the observation, "You don't have to read Schopenhauer and Cioran to reach these conclusions, but you're better off reading Schopenhauer than going to the bar."

You see, no one escapes these feelings of emptiness. We are just wired in different ways, no one deals with it in different ways. Besides this, there are different environments. Some environments offer so much misery, reaching for heroine is almost an inescapable reaction.

With life and the world being what it is, my goal in writing is not to have a goal. I have been doing this kind of writing since I was a teenager, and I guess I will continue as long as I can. Like she said, during periods of binge drinking, I simply cannot write.

This is writing madness.

Is it possible for the "unconscious" to write?

The unconscious - the impersonal Will?

What people called "demons"?

It's not necessary to understand the working of the brain.

My mind will not be governed, not even by me!

The mind/body runs itself... ungovernable thoughts!

The conscious mind → I → ego

The unconscious is what wants to be written.

To discover the unconscious, write early in the morning, right after you wake up: a stream of conscious flow of nonsense, life advice from yourself to yourself, expressions of dread.

This is how you tap into the unconscious mind.

Writing with ink pen, rather than keyboard exercises a powerful influence. My relationship with the demon is delicate.

I refuse to subject the demon to the indignities of judgement and competition... and so I drift and wait.

What is trying to be said through this vessel?

What are the mechanisms of my own mind? Who is this "I" who claims ownership of what is written?

Are thoughts "owned" by a thinker or do they just occur?

For all "I" know, the structure of language of the particular culture "I" am famed in is not conducive for expressing the THOUGHTS that want to express themselves through me!



The weeks are moving rapidly and I am nervous about not being able to find an apartment. This is where I would be without Section 8 - in limbo. I don't know where I would be if I had to stay with my mother. She is very domineering and controlling. I can never let the demons out... All I can do is keep trying...

① FARMINGDALE ② Brighton Arms in Neptune ③ Mandersquan
I will fill out applications. If worse comes to worse, Asbury Park or Longbranch - Sigman

It really seems impossible to be me, but I am guaranteed to get through life. At least death is certain.

9 June 2014 Monday Dreams about the last car I owned: the 1984 VW Jetta from 1991 to ~~1993~~ 2003. CD from AA/Park Service was doing an oil change on it. Was it a Park Vehicle? Then I was driving it in a drug infested area. There was also a part where I was in heavy rain gear cleaning up some tent house for the Reynolds... I needed heavy rain gear. I awoken with light rain. I go out for cigarette and notice I left the towel out on chair to dry. It's soaking wet. As soon as I bring it inside, it begins to rain much harder.

I think of a couple Rangers from Cheesapeake State Park and recall feelings from back in 1990, how I felt working there. I am glad I don't have a car to repair anymore. I am glad I don't have to report to Simone or Sandle or Noe or any supervisor. Have I become "unemployable" specifically because I have lost the desire to obey, to serve, to brown nose? I have transformed, not into something less, but into something stronger. No longer trying to be a slave or a monkey.

Same world, different me, different animal now.

It has become even more impossible, this idea of living...

The need for an automobile... How expensive they are! I have given up even trying to participate... just wanting to die even though my body is healthy. I wonder how the masses do it. Drug dealers with Mercedes-Benz see me as a useless "white boy"... Enslaved maintenance workers with pick-up trucks reporting to the shop to goof off and play politics, always bad mouthing supervisors but still truckling, groveling... counting the hours until they can leave... to go home... but once home, I am compelled to spend money, to get some kind of machinery... ~~no desire~~. I think of the Task House. At one time, this was my home. Today, were I to walk onto the land, there, I would cause alarm... some kind of psychopath? I have been to the other side. It was an experiment.

Rather than feel any sense of loss, I look at my past life as hard experience. I see the illusion of being "part of the system". Once a jailbird, always a convict, always some kind of mule or monkey slave. And what about those who are placed in certain positions of authority? Who is it they know? They continue to play their roles year in, year out... the status quo.

I recall Sherry, now, twenty years later, she is just a girl I once knew... nothing to me, really. No regrets. Am I to regret not having stayed with her? Am I to regret losing my position with the park service as a loyal dog? In order to rise up as an intellectual giant, I had to reject that role as submissive gofer and workhorse.

So many people's ambition is to find and hold some cush government position where they no longer have to face "selling themselves" because they have been purchased by a master. They are secure in their slavery.

So many "marry" and "breed" thinking that this gives them "security" - having a family of their own... Meanwhile, nothing has changed and each is in the same world where their entire FARCE is dependent on owning an automobile or leasing one...

Remaining disillusioned enables me to see how fragile the illusions I are, and how this culture perpetuates itself; and yet, I have removed myself - or I have been removed. I have excluded myself - or I have been excluded. From the perspective of the state slugs, I am a "loser". From my perspective, I am the victor for I have proven to lack the qualities of a slave. I do not possess the necessary components required of an employee, the main one being the ability to follow orders, instructions, commands, I think independently... and I absolutely despise the sell-outs who "do commercials" and who are owned by media conglomerates. Everyone seems so stupid.

Dead End: A Philosophical Diary
 Chapters of "~~The Book That Wrote Itself~~"

1. Hypertrophied Consciousness	(1987)	1
2. Non Compos Mentis	(1988-1992)	9
3. The Demented Avenger	(1993-1997)	20
4. Something Bitter Arises	(1997)	39
5. Psychogalvanic Reactions	(1997-1998)	63
6. Complete & Ruthless Honesty	(1998-2006)	79
7. A Laughing Stock	(2006-2009)	116
8. A Strong Dose of Madness	(2009)	140
9. Science Fiction Bizarroland	(2009)	165
10. Fighting Back	(2010)	183
11. The Impossibility of Being Hurt	(2010-2011)	211
12. The Steppenwolf Rediscovered Downtown Freehold	(2011)	233
13. A Blizzard of Consciousness	(2011-2012)	266
14. Now You Go Insane	(2012)	286
15. Random Pig Shit	~~(2013)~~ ?	304
16. Talking Monkeys With Car Keys	(2013)	313
17. Grunts & Groans	(2013)	326
18. Crazy Talk	(2013-2014)	339